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WHAT THE DUCHESS AND I SAW IN EUROPE

BEAUCHAMP:

To Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie
with the Best Wishes of
Jon Beauchamp &
the "Duchess"
Hamilton, Ohio July 18th.

Lou J. Beauchamp

WHAT----

THE DUCHESS AND I SAW IN EUROPE

WITH SKETCHES, POEMS, ETC.

BY

LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.

HAMILTON, OHIO.

1896.

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Gift
MRS. Edwin C. Dinwiddie
Aug. 6, 1[illegible]

Dedication.

To the best of wives, the "Little Woman," who has accompanied me in my travels on land and water over 700,000 miles, and whose presence and counsel have been my chiefest source of help as I have tried in His name to lift men to higher lives.

LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.

HAMILTON, OHIO.

Preface.

These sketches have been compiled at the request of many friends who desired them in a more permanent form than that offered by their original publication in the columns of daily and weekly journals, magazines, etc· The letters from Europe make no pretensions to literary elegance or finish. They were hastily written in moments snatched from sight-seeing, and aimed at nothing more than an attempt to let the friends at home know our experiences day by day. Yet their reception was so kindly, and the requests for their collection in permanent form so numerous, that they are thus presented, in connection with certain sketches and poems that have had considerable favor in various journals and magazines. Just as they are, they are presented to the friends who have so royally stood by me in my twenty years' work for humanity, with the hope that they may enable the reader to pass at least a pleasant hour in their perusal.

While I cannot say much for the literary worth of the reading matter, I can conscientiously recommend the quality of the paper on which the book is printed, the excellence of the printing, which was done by my old friends, BROWN & WHITAKER, of Hamilton, Ohio, and the high quality of the illustrations, which were made after my own photographs, by The Electric City Engraving Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.

HAMILTON, OHIO.

NOTE.—My thanks are due the publishers of the New York *Voice*, Detroit *Free Press* and Hamilton, Ohio, *Democrat* for the use in these pages of my articles originally appearing in those journals.

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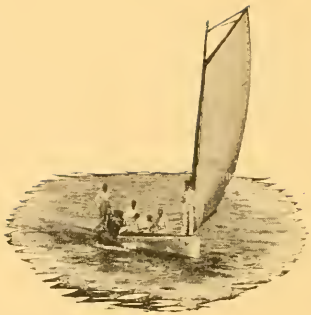


Over the Ocean.

What the Duchess* and I saw in Europe. As originally written for the friends at home.

On Board Steamer City of New York,
Sunday, May 17,
1,000 Miles from I Don't Know Where.

We haven't drunk a drop since we started, but the Duchess and I are more than "half seas over" at the present writing—the log showing that we are about 1,900 miles from Sandy Hook light-house, and about 1,000 miles from Queenstown, the ship having taken the southern course, a few miles longer than the other two courses, but the better for this season of the year. We left New York at 9:30 A. M. Wednesday, May 13th, on the ocean greyhound "New York" of the American Line—this ship having the fastest average east and west of all the vessels that are continually vexing the bosom of the mighty deep. We have 440 first-class passengers on board, 170 second class, and 425 in the steerage, which, with a crew of 385, makes 1,420 souls on board, including politicians and editors.

The most wonderful thing about an ocean voyage is the ship the voyage is made in. To me an ocean "grey-hound" like the New York, is a greater wonder than any of the nine

*"The Duchess" is Mr. Beauchamp's pet name for "The Little Woman" as used in all his writings when referring to her.

wonders of the world. Think of a vessel like ours having on board more people than a good sized town—over 1,400, each of them having a bed-room, and some of them with regular suites of rooms—parlor, sitting-room, bath-room and bed-room beside, with reading-rooms, bath-rooms, laundry-rooms, music-rooms and immense dining-rooms for all. In addition to these accommodations there is room for thousands of tons of baggage and freight, and coal room for 3,000 tons of coal. The home of the Duchess and I has nine rooms, with hot and cold water up and down stairs, yet about 10 tons of coal does us for the year, while the amount consumed by this steamship each twenty-four hours is three hundred tons, or enough to run our home thirty years.

The total cost of running this vessel from New York to Liverpool and back is $115,000. Its length is 560 feet, and it has 18,500 horse power.

The laws governing the provisioning of trans-Atlantic steamers provide that there must be sufficient food to sustain the life of every person on board for thirty days. Barring accidents, the longest voyage will not exceed nine or ten days, so that every vessel at the start is generally well provided. Comparatively few people have any idea of the vast quantity of food that is required to supply the passengers and crew of a large steamer. On a recent trip there was used (perhaps not all of it actually consumed) 17,500 pounds of dressed beef, 3,600 pounds of mutton, 500 pounds of lamb, 500 pounds of veal, 1,510 head of chickens, ducks and turkeys, 450 head of grouse and squab, 1,250 pounds of fish, 3,780 pounds of butter, nearly 700 dozen eggs, 12½ tons of potatoes, 280 heads of cabbage, 1,500 pounds of turnips and carrots, besides a large quantity of other vegetables, such as beets, cauliflower, beans, peas, lettuce, etc.; 146 barrels of flour, 5,000 oranges, 15 barrels of apples, 400 pounds of grapes, dozens of boxes of pears, peaches, plums and lemons, 7,000 pounds of sugar. Added to this list may be mentioned

13,500 pounds of corned pork, nearly 3,000 pounds of bacon and ham, 1,000 pounds of corned beef, 300 gallons of fresh milk and sixty gallons of condensed milk. Besides these articles are all the list of staples and dainties, dozens of which might be enumerated. On this particular voyage 2,812 bottles of ale, 2,400 bottles of mineral waters and nearly 300 bottles of other kinds of drinks disappeared.

The laundry bill is no small item when it includes such a list as this for the use of a single trip: 8,300 napkins, 180 tablecloths, 3,600 sheets, 4,400 pillow-cases, 16,200 towels, besides dozens of blankets, counterpanes, etc.

Except one be intimately acquainted with the working and running of an ocean steamer, it is hard to realize the number of hands that are actually required in the various departments of the ship. There are three departments—the sailing, the engineer, and the passenger. Altogether from 300 to 425 hands are required, as a rule, to run an ocean express liner.

The engines cost about one-third of the entire value of a ship. It is easier to speak of 14,000 or 18,000 horse-power than to realize the tremendous force that is exerted on such a vessel as the New York. The immense machinery of these great vessels is greater than anything now existing, and is capable of propelling the ships at a speed of 22.4 knots an hour.

Some interesting and miscellaneous notes concerning the steamers that have been and are now upon the Atlantic may be found in the following: The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in 1818. The largest steamship ever constructed was the Great Eastern, 680 feet long, 83 feet beam, 18,500 tons, coal capacity 12,000 tons, with accommodations for 4,000 passengers. She cost $3,720,000.

The steamers Paris, New York, Teutonic and Majestic were the first vessels built for the Atlantic service with triple-expansion engines and twin screws. The Servia was the first

mail steamer in the New York trade to be built of steel. The greatest distance covered by a steamship in a single day is 560 miles, done by the Lucania, from noon October 5, to noon October 6.

From March, 1841, to February, 1893, 125 steamers in the Atlantic service were lost, and 7,523 lives were lost during the same period.

The Duchess and myself have not only possessed our souls in patience thus far on the long journey, but we have possessed our stomachs also, which is more than some others can say. I have seen more good victuals wasted on this trip than would suffice to feed the First ward for a week, but it was not due to poor management or carelessness;—it was rather due to force of circumstances and the further fact that you can't keep a big ship level in all seas, and no matter how level a head a fellow has, it won't conduce to a level stomach when the ship concludes to "rock-a-bye-baby."

But all in all we have had a remarkably fine passage. None of the waves have been higher than the fees we are compelled to pay the stewards and waiters, and the sun has been with us most of the time, keeping us warm and good-humored. About the only thing that has troubled us has been to find time to do all the eating necessary. The policy of this steamer seems to be to feed their passengers well, no matter whether they in turn feed the fishes or no. Our bedroom steward wakes us up at 7:30 with coffee and toast.

We discuss that in bed, and then leisurely dress for breakfast at 9. At 10 we have beef tea and sandwiches, lemonade and cakes, on deck, and from 12 to 2 take luncheon. At 4 the beef tea appears once more, or one may have tea, coffee or lemonade if preferred, with sandwiches, ginger snaps, strawberries and oranges. At 6 dinner, with all the good things of the best hotels, and if you should get hungry before 9 you have only to go to the buffet and help yourself, and from 9 to 10 supper is served in the dining room for

STEAMSHIP NEW YORK.

those who have any place to put it. If the days were a few hours longer I'm afraid I'd bust before I reach Liverpool.

The ladies play shuffle-board and ring-toss, checkers, keep their diaries, read, or criticise the dresses of the promenaders, while the men play whist, hearts, pedro, and good "Old Sledge" in the smoking room. Gambling is not permitted; the only form of it visible being in the shape of pools on the day's run of the ship.

This morning the captain read the beautiful English church service in the main cabin, and read it well, the responses being made by the passengers; the singing conducted by the officers and passengers being unusually fine. I judge the captain is a very pious man, for as he entered the cabin to open the service he didn't find the pulpit in the place he had ordered it placed, and turning to the janitor said, with a look of pious resignation on his handsome face: "Damn it, why wasn't this put where it belongs?" But he didn't swear when he pronounced the benediction and the first cuss word may not be counted against him.

One of the saddest cases that ever came to my attention is that of a couple of friends of mine on board. This is their bridal trip. They are neither of them spring chickens. But before meeting each other they had arrived at that age when both sexes are prone to believe that there is no possible chance of getting a mate and have resolved to follow Scripture and "grin and bear it." But when to these loved ones mates are given, they are just a little bit worse in the display of affection than the younger tribe of the newly wed. This couple came on board as happy as Joe McMaken when he gets a new bill passed at Columbus. They had taken the cheapest rate of first-class passage and on applying for their quarters found, that according to the rules of the company, the wife was to share a room with three other women, the groom meanwhile doing the same in a room with three other men about a half a mile away and not even a telephone line between.

I thought the bride aged ten years in a single moment and the groom is rapidly dwindling into senility. They came to me about it, and their tears would have moved Gov. Hicks to some show of emotion. Even Miles Lindley would have wept tears, or whatever it is he weeps when he does weep. They asked me how such things could be in this nineteenth century—the very twilight of a nineteenth century, as it were, and then their tears gushed forth again, even before I could explain that the Duchess and myself were offered the same privilege of living apart for a week or so, but preferred to pay $42 extra for the privilege of a stateroom which should belong for that length of time to us two only. Their faces lit up at this explanation, as their pile was big enough to stand the $42, but alack and alas, there wasn't a stateroom on board that wasn't as full of people as these two poor souls are at present full of sorrow. To make matters worse the bride has been the sickest woman on board ever since the first meal. She has thrown up everything she has owned since the 13th, except her love for her husband, and he, through what a doctor would call reflex action, is in the same condition. When the morning breaks and the pair so rudely torn from each other's arms the night before come flying together in the saloon it takes a block and tackle to get them apart. If we don't reach land pretty soon I'm afraid it will be another case of Paul and Virginia. I'll bet a dollar they have better luck going back for the groom says he'll buy a ship of his own before he'll take such another bridal trip as this one has been.

We sighted a school of whales this morning, but were too far off to find out what teacher was in charge of the school or whether they were thinking of buying up land in the First ward for a new building. I'm sorry about this, but it can't be helped now. The gong has just sounded for another meal and I suppose the school is dismissed by this time.

I find that it takes so much time to eat here that I have little time left for writing, but hope to be more ready for the

pen on land. I notice that we have left the land of McKinley behind us. Champagne sells on board at just one-half the price charged in America, and my one drink—Apollinaris—at six-pence, instead of the "quarter" charged in "the land of the free and the home of the brave." It will only cost "tuppence" in England. I am getting so now that I can't talk United States on money matters. It is entirely pounds, shillings and pence on board-ship, sovereigns, "half sovs." and crowns.

First News from England.

For three days preceding our arrival at Liverpool, our steamer encountered severe head winds, delaying her considerably—her time from Sandy Hook to Queenstown being six days and eight hours. The roughness of the sea must have been profitable to the company for the tables were nearly deserted, but "yours truly" was there on hand four times a day. The Duchess and Mrs. Skillman had one day charged against them, but I can testify that it was due to severe headaches and not to the fashionable disease, "Oh, Lordy." This was very creditable to them when I state that at one time the sea was rough enough to throw one passenger out of his berth, breaking three of his ribs and severely injuring him otherwise. However as we neared Queenstown the sea went down and from there to Liverpool we had fine weather and ocean and land pictures as beautiful as we ever looked upon. The Duchess and I stayed on deck till 2 A. M. to see the transferring of the Queenstown passengers, baggage and the English mails and to get a paper that we might learn the American news. The newsmen clambered from the tender to the "New York" and rapidly sold out their stock at a shilling each. I purchased a foreign edition of the New York Herald and London Standard, and searching the columns of both papers thoroughly, found one item of American news—the death of a large St. Bernard dog in Boston. It was a heavy stroke to me, to think that while I was enjoying myself several thousand miles away, a good, and above all, a big dog, from Boston was passing through the valley of the shadow. Had I only known he was in danger of passing

away I might have stayed at home and soothed him in his dying moments. Dog-gone it anyhow. I have been on land now for five days and have gotton hardly a line of American news more important than this.

We reached Liverpool at 6 P. M. Wednesday last, and I got my first experience of English ways at the dock. One thousand passengers were driven into a room large enough to hold one-fifth of the number and informed that they must wait there till the baggage had all been brought out of the vessel and placed alphabetically in an adjoining room, that it might be examined by the custom officers. This looked to me as if it would be a work of hours, so I got my party together, had our hand baggage examined and left the heavier baggage to its fate, while we went to an hotel and had our first English meal. Late at night returned to the dock, got our baggage through all right and was then free from further worry. England demands duties on about a dozen articles only; tobacco, cigars, cologne and liquors being the principal ones. * * * * * * I am more of a free trader than I was when I started. When $10 to $17 will buy a full suit of clothes, best quality woolen goods, made to order; sixty cents, a pair of Dent's kid gloves for men, and the same price, the best quality of ladies' kids, each dollar of difference between the English and the American price is too much of an argument in favor of open ports and free trade to the man who has to earn his money before he spends it. A hat costing $3 in America costs one-third the sum here. With England the commercial mistress of the world, and her ports practically wide open to the world's manufactories, I have hard work trying to solve the puzzle of the McKinley protection scheme.

During our passage over I took part in two concerts on board the steamer. I didn't do any singing, but held up my end of the show with some stories that seemed to satisfy the people. On the last night out the usual concert and enter-

tainment for the benefit of the English and American Sailors' Orphans' home, was given, Marshall Wilder, the dwarf New York humorist, taking part and amusing us thoroughly. Several theatrical and musical people on board recited and sang and the receipts were $205. Among the "lady patronesses," having charge of the raising of the money, were Kate Forsythe, the actress, and the Duchess.

Liverpool, where we were given a public reception, and where I spoke to two thousand enthusiastic Englishmen, is a marvel in the way of a municipal corporation. I rode fifteen miles over its streets and found not a single square on which I could not have sat and eaten a meal. No mud, dirt or breaks, but every square yard as clean as a parlor floor and hard as the rock-ribbed cheek of a Hamilton fruit tree agent. (I wouldn't have used this simile if the agent who sold me a lot of good-for-nothing trees had replaced them as he promised.) Standing on the prominent street corners of the city are life-saving ladders of the fire department, ready to be used by the citizens before the department arrives on the scene, if they are needed. This struck me me as a good idea in so large a city and where the houses are many stories high. The public parks, Sefton and Princess, are the finest I ever saw, and while they are beautiful with lakes, flowers and shrubbery, play grounds, cricket and tennis courts are found in all parts that they may be of real benefit to the people as well as places of beauty. While Liverpool has its poor quarters, it struck me as being made up principally of solid and comfortable residences, the cleanest and most prosperous looking place of its size I ever saw. There is not a frame building in the city, and for that matter I have not seen one in England or Scotland.

From Liverpool our party went by special train to Glasgow, and I must say I am not altogether stuck on English railways. They are substantially built, no team can cross the tracks, all roads being built over or under the rails, no

one is allowed to walk on the road-bed, and they make from thirty to sixty miles an hour, but the coaches are simply boxes divided into compartments seating ten passengers—who sit five on a side facing each other, first, second and third class compartments in the same coach—the only difference being a slight one in the upholstering; third-class is about one-half the first-class fare and just as good, the latter being used solely by the aristocracy and the snobs. I imagine the entire cost of one of these cars to be less than $500. They have no toilet rooms or water closets, the trains stopping at depots occasionally to allow passengers to use the latter convenience, but charging them two cents for the privilege. A first-class vestibuled train such as the "velvet" train on the C. H. & D. or the Erie road, would frighten the English nation into fits. There is one thing I do like about the railroad system here, however—the roads act as though they believed a brakeman was worth something to his family and the world. Every freight car is like its neighbor—there being no difference in height or width, and it has immense bumpers, eighteen inches long, and there is no chance of a brakeman getting crushed to death in coupling them. I hope this will be the case in our country soon, for I have learned to look on a railroad man as a hero—brave as any who go to fields of battle—with their lives always in their hands, and anything that tends to protect them wins my heartiest approval. You are not bothered with peanut boys on the train,—the conductor takes your ticket at the end of the journey, but if you have no ticket then you must pay regular fare, not from the station you got on at, but from the starting point of the train to the end of the line.

The English country is the finest sight I ever saw. Every bit of land is tilled, and green with grass for the stock, substantial fences and quaint, but clean and neat farm houses dotted here and there. No rubbish is to be seen anywhere, and the whole country looks like one immense park. This

is due to the fact that England has an immense population and comparatively little ground and there is no room for rubbish. Every foot must yield its income and so the farming is something wonderful. The cattle and sheep are finer than any we see in the states. There seems to be absolutely no waste or unproductive land and no scrub stock. The farm villages and small towns are pictures, and the journey across the ocean is worth taking if we have only time to travel for a day through the English territory and see what English farming is like.

Of Glasgow and Edinboro I will tell you in my next. It is now 11 o'clock at night and is just getting dark, a statement that may seem strange to your readers, but I spoke at a public meeting in Queen Street hotel to-night, had my supper afterwards and it was yet light as day. We are far up to the north is the explanation. It is pretty cold here, but we ate apricots, grapes and muskmelon for dinner to-day. This is a wonderful country. The sights are full of interest, every square foot takes us back to the days when kings and commoners made history. We have been in the palaces of kings and queens and seen monuments and forts and abbeys and churches grander than anything the new world can boast of, but we have seen nothing that would benefit us to leave America, or wean us from the best part of the world—dear old Butler county—or Hamilton.

Sights and Scenes in Bonny Scotland.

So far as the Duchess and I have travelled we are of the opinion that Scotland's capital, Edinboro is the finest city we have ever seen. Its castle, palace, monuments, public and private buildings, parks and situation, all combine to make it unique—to say nothing of the historical associations connected with it. The castle is of course the first object of interest, rising as it does, far above the city, and frowning

STIRLING CASTLE.

down upon it with the dignity of hoary, yet peaceful old age. When it was built the guide books and encyclopedias will tell you, but in its low-ceiled rooms Mary, queen of Scots, before the shadows fell upon her, reigned supreme. It was here that she gave birth to kings. And in sight of the castle is Holyrood Palace, at the opposite end of the city, where

Rizzio was murdered; while midway between these places Darnley was killed. One can have no possible conception of the lives and customs of the kings and queens in the old times till these castles and palaces have been seen. We boast of our great buildings in America, but compared to such edifices as these English and Scotch castles, palaces, abbeys, etc., they fall into insignificance. The castle of Stirling and the one at Edinboro, both now used as garrisons for English troups, are situated on immense rocks, that are seemingly as impregnable as Gibraltar. Add to these rocks, with their height and solidity the massive walls that have already withstood time's rude shocks for centuries, and one can understand something of England's success in holding her little island against the world.

Edinboro is built on the sides of great hills and is surrounded on three sides by yet greater heights—Castle Mount, Calton Hill and Arthur's Seat—the latter a mountain shaped on the top like a saddle—hence its name.

On Calton Hill are a number of monuments, the one of Lord Nelson being nearly 200 feet high. On its top is a time ball, which drops at 1 P. M., Greenwich time, accompanied by the firing of a cannon to let those within doors know the exact time.

On Princess street, in some respects the finest street in the world, stands the beautiful monument to Walter Scott, designed by a young Scotch architect, who unfortunately was accidently drowned before the completion of the same. It stands in a beautiful park in the center of which, some fifty feet below the level of the upper plateau, run the railroad tracks of one of the great roads of the country. There are monuments all over the city, several of them being fully 200 feet high. One cannot turn his eyes in any direction without seeing a monument or a public building of rarely attractive form or size. Many of these are Grecian in their architecture and they, as well as the universities and schools of

Edinboro, have given the city the name of the "Modern Athens." The city is divided into two parts, the old and the new city, the former being built on the side of a hill running down from the Castle hill toward the plain beginning at the foot of Arthur's Seat. The old town is a place of rare interest. The modern buildings have been forced to pattern somewhat after the older ones. They rise eight or ten stories high, are very narrow, and between them are the "closes" or narrow alleys, passing from one street to another and under and through older houses. These passages look very uncanny to us Americans, and we prefer to walk farther and find a street that has more breadth and light. These buildings in Old Town are sometimes four stories high in front on one street, and six or eight stories high at the back on another street.

Here in Old Town can be seen the old house where John Knox was born, and it was here in Edinboro, in Holyrood palace, he dared tell Mary of her sins. The spot on which the martyrs were burned is found in Cowgate and called the Heart of Midlothian. Wonderfully interesting these quaint old streets, many of them crowded with humanity's wrecks. Such beggars, drunkards and outcasts cannot be paralleled in the worst parts of New York. I have seen five girls, the youngest not eight, the oldest not twelve, drunk together. Ragged, bare-limbed, bare-headed women throw their arms about the bodies of strange men and try to get money out of their pockets, while the stolid police officer looks on with indifference.

We are getting used to the method of serving meals in this country, but there is not one of us but would give twenty shillings—a five dollar William, for a good old American square meal. We take breakfast at eight o'clock. The English and Scotch people take simply a cup of tea, with bread and jam, but for Americans an extra breakfast, at extra cost, is prepared, consisting of these things, with fish, ham and

eggs, chop or steak. At one we lunch on cold meat, bread, butter and jam. And at six P. M. we take dinner. This is served table d'hote—and it takes one hour and forty minutes to go through it properly. Soup, first, of course. When all are through, then fish, meats and fowl succeed, and then a dozen kinds of puddings, tarts, preserved and natural fruits follow, with cheese and crackers to wind up on. Tea and coffee is not served at either luncheon or dinner, save at extra cost. I must say that the cooking is far better than that found in our American hotels, and the service is perfect.

You should have seen the Duchess, Mrs. Skillman and yours truly upholding the dignity of Ohio the other night. The Lord Provost, Her Majesty's representative in the Scottish capitol, and the city councilors sent us invitations to attend a reception and conversazione at the museum of science and art. It was a full dress affair, and it would have paralyzed the Fourth ward to have seen me in full dress, white tie and lavender gloves. I looked pretty enough to kill. The Duchess wore black silk trimmed with irridescent beads, diamonds, and her hair decorated with gorse flowers, a Scottish plant. Mrs. Skillman wore black silk trimmed with lavender and flowers. The councilors received us standing in their red and gold robes of office in the broad, inner court of the museum. We drove up in coaches, put off our wraps in the cloak room and handing our cards to the dignified head pusher, were announced by name and immediately ushered into the presence of the twelve councilors. Over 3,000 people were present, who after the presentation, roamed through the magnificent halls of the museum, partook of refreshments at will, and listened to the music of one of the finest bands in Great Britain, the full Scottish uniformed band of Her Majesty's Cameron Highlanders, thirty in number. At intervals a genuine band of bag-pipers crooned Scottish melodies through the halls. The sight was one of the most beautiful we have ever seen and the invitation was highly appre-

ciated by our American contingent. This was our fourth reception in Great Britain.

It is almost impossible for me to make these preliminary letters as interesting or as full as I would have them, as I must write them during the sessions of the Good Templars International Supreme Lodge, which I came to attend, and which occupies our whole time morning, afternoon and night; after finishing our meals we are tired enough to seek our

G. LA TOUZEL,
OUR COURIER, IN ARAB COSTUME.

beds. Our work here closes to-morrow night and then for the rest of our trip we have only to see, eat and write.

I want to tell something of life among the people of these countries when I have time. Such poverty and crime as have come under our notice under the shadow of palaces and

castles, tells plainly the story of America's superiority so far as the conservation of a people's welfare is concerned. Monarchical countries may build mighty buildings, but it takes free Americans to build mighty men. We have poverty and crime enough, God knows, but it does not get down into such abject depths as here, where every fifth person seems an object of charity, or a victim of vice.

Through Scotland and England,

EN ROUTE TO LONDON.

We have left Royal Edinboro behind us, and a royal city it is. Of all the places we have visited thus far this capital of the north is the fairest. London is just 401 miles south-west of Edinboro, through a country so beautifully cared for it seems one enormous park. There is no waste land, but

OUR HOTEL IN THE TROSSACHS.

one thing that strikes the observer is so little of it is devoted to farming. The Scottish part of it seems all sheep land, tens of thousands of sheep of finer breed than the prize ones at our fair dotting grazing fields that are more beautiful than the blue grass part of Kenkucky, while the land in England is divided between sheep and cattle. The horses in this country are either great Normans and Percherons or else little

donkeys, the former being wonderfully powerful and the latter wonderfully comical, pulling great loads about a dozen times as large as themselves and yet looking as if they enjoyed life thoroughly.

The people of Scotland are all strong and large, the picture of health, the women fair in face, but to us awkward in their walk and with feet that would scare even a Chicago belle. It is an absolute fact that the people's feet are so large that I could not get a pair of shoes in Edinboro for myself except by taking a pair of ladies' shoes. To my fellow citizens who have marveled at the size of my understanding, this may seem like stretching the truth, but I am ready to swear to it on all the bibles in Hamilton. But with their great bodies they have great natures and great hearts and we cannot help loving them. We have left dear friends in bonny Scotland, and will long keep in memory these, and the grand views of castles, palaces, fen and loch. One red letter day of our lives was that on which we sailed on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond and saw Ben-Lomond, Ben A'an, Ben-Venue and Ben-Ledi or Hill of God. The mountain sides are covered with the yellow gorse, and thousands of sheep, with their shepherds are to be seen, with here and there a stone hut, in which the latter lives, and occasionally a large house, the home of the sheep owner. The cattle in the Scottish highlands are small, with great, long, wide horns, and long hair falling all over their heads and bodies—a breed never seen in America.

This country is full of story, song and legend of Rob Roy, Helen McGregor, his wife, and the various clans of the border. It is the country of "The Lady of the Lake," also, and almost every foot has its legend.

Wallace Bruce, the poet and lecturer, a famous figure at our Chautauquas, is U. S. consul at Edinboro, and on invitation from him our party visited Holyrood Palace one evening, with permission to enter the royal apartments, which are

not exposed to public view. We saw Queen Mary's room, her supper room, in which Rizzio was murdered, the blood stains on the floor, the throne and audience room, and also dining room, the tables set for a dinner to be given by the lord high commissioner that evening. Such silver, china and glassware was a revelation to us, and I imagine that had it not been for the guards every few feet half the tableware would have been minus, for we Americans are great on geting souvenirs wherever we go.

LOCH KATRINE, ROB ROY'S PRISON AND BEN VENUE.

Another delightful trip we took was to Abbotsford, the home of Walter Scott. There is no suggestion of Grub street and poverty here. The wealthiest of authors, as well as one of the greatest, had a home fit for such a man. It is a veritable palace on the banks of the Tweed, thirty-seven miles from Edinboro, and three miles from Melrose abbey, the finest ruin in Great Britian. The house is left just as it was

in Scott's time, the armor of all periods, the libraries and pictures arranged by Sir Walter himself. Here are to be seen the gifts of kings and nobles, the personal possessions of Napoleon, Mary, Queen of Scots, Rob Roy, his wife, jewel cases, carved tables, snuff boxes, set with rarest stones, paintings of masters, etc. One of the most interesting things in the house is a painting of the decapitated head of Queen Mary executed the day after her death. The house is now the residence of and owned by Lady Hollowell, the granddaughter of Sir Walter. The gardens attached to the residence are magnificent, and the Duchess desiring a flower as a memento, I tried the potency of a shilling upon the gardener, and slipping me away from the rest of the party, he locked me within the garden and plucked for me a bouquet of large size and sweetest perfume.

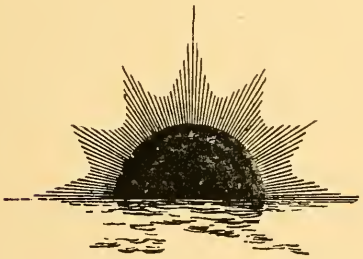
Poets and painters have raved over Melrose and I do not propose to describe it, or anything else seen in our tour, as guide books, encyclopedias, and works of travel in every library, will give your readers the full facts as to size, cost, and time of building. The one thing only worth the saying here is to express wonder that hundreds of years ago, buildings greater and more magnificent than any we have to-day, could have been erected by a people that were semi-barbaric, if their historians have told the whole truth about their customs and habits. Here in Melrose lies the heart of Bruce, and the bodies of kings and queens. Over their tombs the lichen and moss creep undisturbed and the bats and owls hold carnival above them. In the ruined towers of the abbey stands the modern clock, (modern as compared to the abbey itself), put in place 300 years ago, and still striking the hours. If its hands could only write down what has transpired before its face, what a story it would be! It costs a shilling to see Abbotsford and a six-pence to gain entrance to the abbey. In both these places, as in all other places of interest in this country, a room is given up to the sale of photographs, white

wood needle cases, and souvenirs of the place, and it is en regle for each visitor to load himself down with the same. One commendable feature is the fact that they are very cheap.

But the greatest city in the world lies south of us, and our time is up to set out for London, with its 5,000,000 of population, its historic tower, its great St. Paul, and West Minster abbey, the grandest resting place for the illustrious dead the world knows of.

The run of 401 miles is made in less than eight hours actual running time. An English car must cost about one-fifteenth what an American one does, and has no closets or toilet accommodations. Ten people fill a compartment, there being about four compartments to each car, sometimes all of one class, sometimes one car having first, second and third class compartments. There is comparatively little difference between them. At every other town or so the train halts a few moments at the station and lunch is obtained, either first or third class. The rooms adjoin; the same things are sold in each place, quantity and quality the same, but the third-class prices are about 25 per cent. the cheapest. Of course there is no way of telling whether you are first or third class, and you can enter either division you please. If you desire to wash your hands and face, it will cost you four cents, and if closet conveniences are necessary, it sounds Munchausen-like, but it's a fact, "drop a penny in the slot and the door will open." In the ladies' room there is no slot in the door, but an old woman sits near by and exacts tribute from all who enter. I would like to do some tall writing on this extortion, but the subject is a delicate one. In many of the first-class hotels in London it costs four cents to wash yourself in the wash-room. This is to prevent strangers from using the hotel conveniences without compensation, and the guest can pay the price or go to his room, as he chooses. All the hotels add from one to two shillings a day for "attendance." This has reference to your can of hot water, the

blacking of your boots and the cleaning up of your room. Many of the hotels will take you in—literally as well as figuratively—for a fixed price, but it is more usual to take your room and breakfast at the hotel and lunch and dine where you choose. But as this letter is long enough I will leave London and its sights and peculiarities for another time, simply adding that we are all well and hearty, seeing everything, laughing at everybody and enjoying ourselves seeing everybody laugh at us. An American is instantly found out here. In three minutes after I left the hotel, before I had opened my mouth, a bootblack accosted me saying: "A regular Yankee shine for a penny, sir."



London—The Metropolis of the World.

The American contingent desires to thus publicly return sincere thanks to the London 'bus men for not "striking" till we had finished our visit and were about setting out for Paris. It is true we used the cabs a great deal, the fare in which is only about a shilling for an ordinary drive for two persons, but a great deal of rare enjoyment is to be had viewing the streets, stores and people from the top of a penny or "tup-penny" 'bus. These vehicles, much like an ordinary omnibus, save that they have seats on the roof for about sixteen people, and stairs to ascend, go over regular routes all over London. Unlike a street car they drive up to the curb to allow you to mount or get off, and they all go at the rattling London pace, which is about forty per cent. faster than that of Chicago. We only found one street car or tram-way line in London, running from near Holborn street through the famous White Chapel district, one of the slums of this great city.

We rode over this route on Sunday last and it seems to me we must have seen the whole of London's 4,000,000 population. A good part of them were drunk, many were fighting, both sexes engaging in the fun with equal force, and in the Jewish quarter they had a regular market, including a "rag-fair," where old clothes were to be had at your own price. This market seemed too crowded to allow room for even another person and the noise resembled a primary in the Fourth ward. We saw the place of the murders of Jack, the Ripper, and no longer wonder at the ease with which he has performed his butcheries and escaped notice.

There is a wonderful difference between the slums of London, and Piccadilly, Hyde Park, and the strand. Here the stores and residences, theatres and music halls are palaces and one seems to be in another land and among an entirely different people. The equipages on view in Hyde park during the fashionable morning and evening hours are too gorgeous for description here, and with so many people riding and driving one wonders that any one is left to walk.

Of course we visited the sights of London, the tower first. London tower was commenced by William the Conqueror, in 1066, and has the appearance within of an extensive town, there being various ranges of buildings and several streets, besides the barracks for the soldiers. Within the walls the area is twelve acres. The old ditch, now used as a garden, surrounding the land side (the tower standing on the bank of the Thames) has a stretch of 3,165 feet. The tower was used as a royal residence till after Elizabeth came to the throne, since which time it has been used as a prison and a place of security for the regalia. The tower is watched over by "the beef-eaters," great Englishmen, still wearing the costumes of "ye ancient tyme." In the armories are stands of arms, ancient and modern, for over 1,000,000 men, arranged most artistically in shapes of shields, flowers, etc., also figures of the kings of England in the armor they wore when alive. The royal jewels, worth $15,000,000, are beautiful beyond power of the pen to describe, and the Duchess and myself both came to the conclusion that if any country wants to engage us to be king and queen, and will give us a guarantee not to do the beheading act during our reign we are open to proposals.

To us the most interesting parts of the tower were the Beauchamp tower, where Lord Dudley, with other notables, was imprisoned, and on the walls of which their graven names and sentences of resignation and fidelity are still to be seen; the Bloody tower, where the two princes, sons of Edward IV,

were murdered by their Uncle Richard's orders; the stairs, where 178 years after, their bones were found, and the spot where Mary, Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey and Lord Dudley, were beheaded. In the cemetery attached lies the dust of Annie Boleyn, Sir Thomas More, Lady Jane Grey, Lord Somerset, Duke of Monmouth and other notable victims. Here on Tower hill was born William Penn. I forgot to mention that the Kohinoor diamond was to be seen in the regalia room, but after allowing for the payment of our board bill the Duchess and I found we had not sufficient money left to purchase it, so it still remains there.

The houses of parliament, on the banks of the Thames, have been seen too often by your readers in pictures for me to occupy time and space in describing them, but when seen from the opposite bank of the river or from the magnificent Westminister bridge, they far surpass in majestic grandeur our own beautiful capitol. The facade along the Thames is 940 feet long, the three towers, 340, 318 and 300 feet high, the central one having a clock with a twenty-three foot dial, and a bell, "Big Ben," weighing thirteen tons. The oldest part of the structure is Westminster hall, built by William Rufus in 1097. Here those nobles who favored the Stuarts, and King Charles I. were condemned to death. The parliament house, has 1,100 rooms, cost $15,000,000, is built of Yorkshire magnesian limestone, and is already crumbling, something unusual in London edifices, those that have stood for a dozen centuries looking as if built but a few years past. Since the attempt to blow up the building by dynamite visitors may only enter for a short time on Saturday, and no cloaks or parcels can be carried inside, not even a lady's hand satchel. The Duchess had her gossamer with her and was compelled to wear it all through the building. England is a great nation, but she trembles to-day in her very capitol at the sight of a little woman with a shopping bundle in her hand. Bully for free America, where we aren't afraid of any-

thing but the other fellows getting another term in Washington.

London is dark, dingy and mouldy with age, and when sunk into semi-obscurity by a fog, smells and seems like one vast charnel house, but if the sun condescends to shine, and one stands in the neighborhood of venerable Westminster abbey, or St. Paul's, he is ready to forgive everything on being permitted to see these grand churches. They are both the very personification of inanimate, voiceless majesty, but if the tongues of their bells could speak, or their noble dead could be touched into life, what tales they could thrill the world with. The abbey was built by King Sebert, 616, twelve centuries or more ago, and added to and improved by kings till finished under the designs of Sir Christopher Wren in the eighteenth century. Here have been crowned all the kings and queens of England since Harold, and here stands the coronation chair, and beneath it the Stone of Scone, on which these personages have sat during the ceremony, and which was used for the same purpose in Scotland and Ireland even before Harold's time. But grand as the abbey is without and within, its chief interest lies in the illustrious dead buried within and the marvelous tombs erected to their memory. We saw so many tombs of kings and queens, we began to long for those of a few "jacks." Here are the tombs of Henry VII, James I, Mary, Queen of Scots, Charles II, William and Mary, George II, Queen Elizabeth, Henry V, Queen Eleanor, Edward, the Confessor —oh, go get an encyclopedia, life's too short and postage too high. The monuments are marvels of grandeur and beauty, some of them priceless and all majestic and artistic. I used to want to be cremated when I went hence, but if England wants to put me in the abbey and raise a monument over me, she has my permission. Please mark a copy of the paper containing this article and send it to Queen Vic. The poets' corner had more of interest for us than the tombs of the kings and queens, but to tell the truth since I have seen all these latter monu-

ments at the abbey and elsewhere I have found that there were more kings and queens than I ever dreamed of; my early education was somewhat neglected in this direction. For a long time I thought there were only four kings and as many queens, the balance of humanity consisting of aces, knaves and ordinary people. I know better now. I have seen enough dead kings and queens to make up at least a dozen full decks.

But time presses, the hour for posting is at hand, and I must leave St. Paul's, the Crystal Palace and the theaters for another screed. Suffice it to say it costs a penny to open your mouth in London, "tup-pence" or four cents to keep it open. You can't get in or out of a cab, or your hotel, or into or out of a train or a theatre, without shedding pennies like a duck sheds water. At the hotel eating is a fine art and a matter of great patience. Breakfast (as well as luncheon and dinner) is in courses, and it takes about three hours to do forty minutes of good, square American eating. By the way, the Duchess and I are following the example of Mark Twain and arranging a bill of fare we propose attacking as soon as we land in New York. We are clamoring for something homelike to eat, and we are bound to have it if the vessel takes us safely over, and standing out in the very center of the menu we have arranged is *pie*—good old American apple and pumpkin pie, and we want whole ones—not slices—at that.

The Environs of London.

Of course we visited Crystal Palace. Everybody does so, and although it is simply what was left over from the great exhibition of 1851, it is one of the places where you get your money's worth. The palace is of glass and iron entirely, looking like a gigantic green house. The grounds surrounding it are magnificently laid out with terraces, fountains, mazes, flowers and shrubbery, and toboggan slides, flying horses, swings, and roller coasters everywhere. The palace is at Sydenham, about twenty-two miles out of London, and has been moved from its original location and entirely replaced piece for piece as it first stood. It cost originally $7,500,000. The central hall is 1,608 feet long and in the exact center is the great organ and music hall, with seats for a chorus of 4,000 voices, as well as the accommodations for the audience. There are several other enormous theatres and concert halls in the building. The palace is really a permanent exposition, filled with exhibits of all kinds from different countries, with bazaars, museums, and rooms furnished after the various ancient and modern nations. The great attraction of the palace is the Thursday night fireworks exhibition, which draws tens of thousands of visitors. To describe this display would require columns of space, and the pen of a poet combined with the brush of a painter. Suffice it to say that our party felt that one hour's exhibition was worth crossing the ocean to see. The heavens scintillated with stars, comets and meteors of all colors, and electric rockets made even hign noon dim. Immense bombs ex-

ploded at a mile's height and discharged great balloons of fire that sailed proudly away into the night's mysteries and were followed by countless eyes until lost in the marvelous space of the upper world. The *piece de resistance* was the Battle of the Nile, in which on an ocean of fire 400 feet long, a dozen line-of-battle ships 75 to 100 feet high moved to and fro in constant battle, some going down in the waves and others proudly floating the banner of victory as they sank their majestic opponents. Verily the whole exhibition seemed the work of others than mortals, and the applause of the multitude at times seemed to start the very earth. One of the odd features was a veritable boxing match by two men of fire, lasting for several rounds, in which knock-down blows were frequent and the boxing really good. This was performed by real men, with men acting as judges and referees, bottle holders, etc., they being protected by asbestos clothing, and the fire-works covering them and discharging their chemical beauties of fire, the while the fight went merrily on. If one wants to be taken out of this life for an hour and into a fairy or demon land of delight and mystery, he must visit Crystal Palace on a Thursday night. Another source of enjoyment is the wild beast entertainment given in a pavilion on the grounds, where a lion tamer exhibits some thirty lions, tigers, leopards, bears (black and white), cheetahs and dogs in an immense circular cage, some ninety feet in diameter. The beasts are magnificent specimens and perform some remarkable feats. The lions ride bicycles, make pyramids, etc., and are seemingly as tractable as the ordinary trick dogs. After the performance the entire lot are left together in the cage alone, and play with one another as pleasantly as so many kittens. It rather causes one to lose his respect for the king of beasts to see a tawny lion descend to romp for an hour with an ordinary, every-day dog.

From dogs and lions I must ascend the scale to queens and princes. On one of our red letter days in London, we

journeyed by rail twenty-two miles through a beautiful country to the very common little town of Windsor. Near by is Eton, with its college founded in 1440, and now attended by 1,000 students. Stoke Pogis is only a few steps away. This is the scene of what many, besides myself, believe to be the finest poem in the English language, Gray's Elegy, and here the dust of the poet mingles with the forces of nature. Windsor, in itself, is famous for nothing save that Windsor castle is here, the home of Britain's queen. That august per-

WINDSOR CASTLE.

sonage being now in her Scotch castle of Bal-moral (not Balmoral), it is possible to gain entrance to Windsor. Here William the Conqueror built his residence, and Edward III was born. For two cents you can buy of the castle clerk (pronounced clark) a guide to the castle, and I willingly donated this sum to Victoria as I understood she was pressed for cash on account of having but recently settled the gambling debts of the Prince of Wales. I never like to see a good woman worried for ready money, and if my two cents will do her any good she is welcome to them. Of course the castle is a picturesque old pile, surrounding and covering twenty-two

acres of land. It seems strange to see a building erected centuries ago, and in as perfect a condition through and through as a modern job done by an American political contractor. The furnishings within are plain, but of rare richness, and some of the pictures, vases, tapestry, etc., are priceless. Her majesty has recently come into possession of the Raphael cartoons, most of which we saw. We also got a look at her jubilee presents, and if the Duchess and I get as many when our jubilee comes we shall be perfectly content. From all I could learn Victoria has a first-rate job, and although she can't boss her country as completely as some of her ancestors did, she has nothing to worry about, unless it might be the reprehensible way the Prince of Wales has of running around of nights. The queen being absent, I left my card, the nine spot of clubs, with the boss door keeper and took my departure. It was the only thing I could take, the various articles of value being pretty well guarded. After leaving the castle we visited the Albert memorial chapel. This was originally Wolsey's chapel, built by Henry VII, but redecorated and reopened in 1875. It is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw. Small in size, its stained glass windows, mosaics, reredos and cenotaphs, are unequalled in modern art. The most exquisite taste is everywhere displayed, and the wealth of expressed sorrow does not take from one the idea of the heartache and woe that follows death, as is the case in some of the gaudy monuments that guard "the quiet children of eternity." Next to Napoleon's tomb in the Hotel des Invalides, the Albert chapel atWindsor is the most beautiful remembrancer of death I know of. The marble cenotaphs on which lie the the sculptured forms of the prince consort and son, are worthy of their surroundings. One comes nearer in this spot to the womanhood of England's gracious queen than is elsewhere possible.

You have read so much of St. Paul's that I need only say it deserves all that has been said of its grandeur. Built

by Wren, 1675 to 1710, it rises to the height of 404 feet, its nave being 500 feet long and transepts 118 feet. The site was once occupied by a temple of Diana and later by King Ethelbert's church, destroyed in 1666. Here, in 1213, King John yielded to the pope, in 1337 Wycliffe was cited for heresy, and in 1527 Tyndale's New Testament was burned. In the crypt stands the funeral car of Wellington, with wheels made of the bronze of his captured cannons. The monuments in the crypt and the body of the church are too many to be mentioned here, and the guide book will tell you to what great names they have been reared.

There are other notable places we visited, the British-Kensington museums, Billingsgate market, the bridge of London, as well as the dozen others. We rode for miles up the Thames on one of those little energetic steam launches, stopping at Chelsea, where the sailor's hospital is, and several of the theatres.

But there was more than enough for the Duchess and me in the streets of this modern Babylon. The costermongers and the dudes gave us many a laugh. The fellow with the single eye-glass and his ugly face all screwed into the symptoms of an apoplectic stroke in his endeavors to keep the glass in place, I wanted to kill. I don't believe it would be a serious offense. But the one person against whom my anger rises to greatest height is a dear old soul, fair, fat and sixty, who has fastened herself upon our party, and sticks closer than a porus-plaster I paid a shilling for in Edinboro, and would give a pound to get it off from its lodging place on my chest. She is trying to mourn the loss of her husband, and there isn't a soul in our party, or a tradesman in London, who doesn't know all about her late lamented, the number of real teeth he had, the various complaints he suffered with, and his political and religious opinions. She retails and wholesales information of this character on every occasion. She is seriously trying to mourn his departure, but she

is one of these great three hundred pounders, as full of fun and good nature as she is of information and curiosity, and breaks right off in the middle of a good cry to ask a fool question, and that's what I want to kill her for. I can stand real grief, and I can stand curious questioning, but I don't want them mixed.

We start with a conductor according to our regular program to visit Westminster or St. Paul's. All the day before we talk about it and all the way there. At last it rises before us—we enter—we are within. And then comes that dear old soul, fair, fat and sixty, and with just breath enough left to cry out, "Why! what's this?"

If you read of a fat woman found dead in Italy, don't give it away, but you and I will know who did it.

The Beauties of Europe.

Just as I had learned to speak French with the ease and fluency of a cow, we left Paris and entered Switzerland and Italy. I had acquired such perfect command of the language that I could say three or four words at once, the only drawback being that no one but myself could understand them. It is not true, however, that I tried to order *pate de*

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.—PARIS.

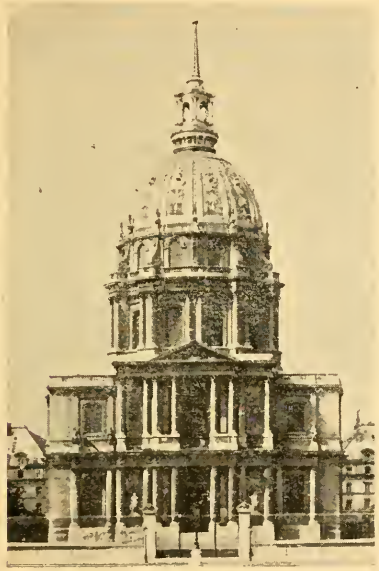
foie gras at the hotel and got a toothpick. I really needed a toothpick. But outside of the poor French they use there, Paris is a great city. If you think I am going to attempt a description of it you are badly mistaken. One would want a day of absolute rest and half the space of a great newspaper to deal even superficially with the many beauties of this wonderful city. The Louvre itself, with its Venus de Milo and

Murillo's Immaculate Conception, as *pieces de resistance*, to say nothing of its whole gallery of Rubens, would deserve columns. The building itself, standing opposite the site of the Tuilleries and Arc de Triomphe, with the Place de la Concorde (where Charlotte Corday, Marie Antoinette and husband, Louis XVI and others were executed from 1793 to 1795,) is sufficient food for study and reflection to keep one busy for days. Then there are the columns Vendome and July; Versailles, Trianon and their palaces, parks and fountains, St. Cloud and its ruins, Sevres and its porcelain, the Gobelins tapestry manufactory, the Buttes Chaumont; Notre Dame, with its beggars without and its untold wealth of gold, silver and diamonds within, the crown of thorns and piece of the real cross (?); the Madeleine church; the jewel chapel of La Chapelle, thirteenth century, but with beauty of glass and sculpture and gilding that to-day's artists cannot hope to rival; the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysees, the modern Eiffel tower, the Grand Opera, we saw them all, together with the Palais Royal, and the miles of palaces and stores unequalled anywhere. But life and space are too short, too valuable to tell of them in detail.

One understands now why the Frenchman in America speaks of Paris with tears in his eyes. There is but one Paris, and every Frenchman loves it as though it were a sacred spot, more than simply a place of beauty and delight. But of all things seen there, we shall longest remember the tomb of Napoleon. It lies in an open circular crypt in the chapel attached to the Hotel des Invalides, (a soldiers' home) and under a dome grander than that at the capitol at Washington. I shall not attempt a description, but one may have some idea of its greatness in the fact that the gilding on the dome cost $400,000. The French republic has even renamed its streets that smacked of the days of the empire, and the people are in charge even as with us, but while the tri-color

waves on every corner, Napoleon's is still a name to conjure with.

Much of Parisian life is out of doors, the boulevards being lined with cafes which do nine-tenths of their business by selling eatables and drinkables on the pavements without, half of the walk being taken up with the tables and chairs. If I ever get time and money enough I am going to come to



CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.
NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

Paris and live in it long enough to take in all its beauties and wonders. One cannot walk ten minutes in any direction without seeing more of interest, excitement and beauty than can be seen in a whole Sunday at Edgewood.

We left Paris Saturday night and arrived the next morning in Geneva, Switzerland, stopping at the Hotel D'Angle-

terre, on the borders of the lake and facing Mt. Blanc, fifty miles away, but rising white and majestic in full sight. From our departure from Paris till our return to English soil our troubles of language are ended. We are a party of seventeen genuine Americans, and have gotten an accomplished courier who will accompany us the whole way, and who talks all the modern languages, besides being perfectly familiar with all the architectural and art wonders of the continent. He makes all the contracts, pays all the bills, fees, etc., and arranges our program of sight seeing, so that we save time, patience and money. In our party are two preachers, one young hotel keeper, a doctor, the old woman mentioned before, and her companion, and another old woman who claims to be young. She told the hotel keeper in a moment of confidence that she had seen twenty-six summers, and in a moment of surprise he said, "Great thunder! How many summers were you blind?" We also have an old maid connected with an art museum in Boston, and she has no eyes for anything but old masters. If a picture is only old enough, she will give up all other sights that she may stand before it in rapt adoration. The old fat woman we call Sortie, now. As we stopped at a French station some one asked what it was, and she seeing the word over the exit, replied that it was the old French town of Sortie. Bless her dear old soul, I really fear much learning will drive her mad. Her companion, however, is driving us all mad. She has the largest stock of misinformation I ever saw. Having read history after the fashion of the average boarding school miss, she has all the names and dates that have been memorable since the creation, but so far she hasn't got one of them into the right place. She mixes Alexander, George IV and Cæsar indiscriminately and I really fear she belives the creation came after the Renaissance. The courier is already getting gray, and one of the preachers shows signs of falling from grace. If he does I'll try and give him a boost back again,

but the next time she tells me that Raphael did part of the frescoes in the dome of the Capital at Washington, I'll kill her. She has been very quiet this evening. At the luncheon table she told of having seen a great actress in several of her characters, and following her description of the dramatic queen, the courier gave the date of her death, and as this happened about as many years ago as the old maid claims to have lived, she recognized the fact that, in the expressive slang of the American, she "had given herself away." They are both of them at present performing the peculiar comedy of "We never speak as we pass by."

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON,
GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

But Geneva is beautiful, notwithstanding. The Alps in front and the Jura range behind, with the jewel of a lake set between, lined with palaces and quaint Swiss villages, is a picture to dream of. We passed a day on the lake and visited the old castle of Chillon, seeing the post to which Bonnivard was chained for six years, the *oubliet* down which prisoners were told to walk four steps into freedom, and on leaving the third step fell a hundred feet to death upon upraised spears. The shaft is there and the three steps, and around

the castle wall hang the old implements of torture. Sunday we visited the old church where Calvin preached, and I sat in his chair, but I don't think I took in much Presbyterianism that way, for that same night I went to a concert in the Kursaal, adjoining the hotel. The music was good, vocal and instrumental, but after a while they brought on a ballet, and the girls didn't have enough clothes on them to wad a shot-gun and my Presbyterianism rose at once and I went home to bed. The Duchess insisted upon it and she and Calvin prevailed.

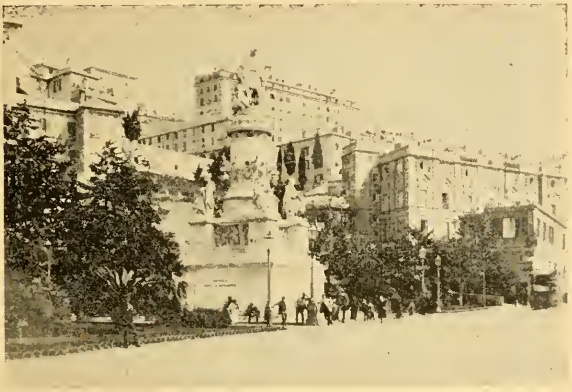
From Geneva we went to Turin, Italy, a beautiful city, where we slept in an old palace with marble floors and furniture and hangings more royal than anything in American hotels. Most of the hotels in Italy are old palaces bought for a song or leased from impoverished nobles, with all their furniture and belongings. The service is of the best, the meals most excellent; paintings, frescoes and tapestry confront us at every turn, and all this elegance costs about $2 per day.

Such beds, toilet equipments and service I have never found in America. In one hotel our furniture was of gilt in yellow satin, and the bed hung about as if for the reception of royal heads, but the Duchess and myself are getting so used to such things that they no longer excite our wonder. Turin is beautifully situated on the Po, and has a magnificently furnished palace, finer than Windsor in England, and the finest museum of armor of all ages, in the world.

From Turin we went to Genoa, the home of Columbus, where we lived in another palace and walked on floors of mosaic. Our hotel adjoined a noble monument which has on its crest a colossal figure of Columbus, with an Indian princess at his feet. Genoa is set on terraced hills commanding a beautiful view of the Mediterranian ocean and is a city full of palaces. The city hall, as we would call it, rich in paintings, statues and frescoes, has in it the letters of Columbus, and Paganini's violin. Since an American woman

store off a corner of one of the letters only photographic copie are shown. Mark Twain to the contrary notwithstanding, old Chris wrote a pretty good hand.

The railroads of Switzerland and Italy are wonders of engineering skill. The Mont Cenis tunnel on the border between France and Switzerland tunnels the Alps for eight miles, while from there to Pisa, tunnels are as thick as blackberries. In 120 miles there are 126 tunnels, some of a mile or more in length, and one of five miles. The amount of time and money consumed in the making of these roads is



OUR HOTEL AT GENOA,
AND STATUTE OF COLUMBUS.

incalculable. Human life is considered in these countries to a greater extent than at home. Gates and keepers are at every road crossing. The trains make good time and in Italy have conveniences such as are found in America. One is only bothered for tickets on leaving the depot where the train is left, and the conductor and newsboy are things unknown. The German, French and Italian papers speak of the terrible railroad accident at Bale recently, as a regular American disaster.

From Genoa we went to Pisa. I suppose the leaning tower there has had a firmer hold on the minds of most people than any other European sight. It was pictured in our school books, and wondered over from the days of childhood. It comes into view from the narrow street leading from the Arno, just as we remembered it in the pictures. There is nothing disappointing about it. Eight stories, with thirty grand columns around each one, it rises 189 feet high, and is fourteen feet out of the perpendicular. From its top, where the Duchess and I climbed of course, one sees the Appenines, the coast, Elba, and Corsica,—the latter the birthplace—the former the place of exile of Napoleon. Here Galileo studied the heavens, and the lamp from which he discovered the secret of the measurement of time, hangs in the cathedral seventy-five feet from the tower, and I set it swinging with a touch of the finger, and an hour later found it vibrating still. The cathedral and Baptistery which are on the same square as the tower, are both wonderful sights, but my pen refuses to give simple measurements of distances, and cannot describe the beauties of such places. The baptistery is said to be the finest in the world. It is higher than the tower, and is in the Roman-Tuscan and Gothic styles. The font within is a marvelous piece of sculpture, as is also the six-sided pulpit along side, the work of Niccola Pisana. The echo here is the most remarkable known, the tones of the voice coming back with the rise and swell of a great organ.

The Campo Santo, or holy field near by, is filled with earth brought from Calvary and consecrated to the burial of great men. The cloistered hall surrounding it was built in 1278-83, is 424 feet long, with sixty-two beautiful windows opening on the green court. The walls are decorated with fourteenth century frescoes of early Bible history and The Triumph of Death, some of them attributed to Giotto. Here lie the remains of emperors, popes, and warriors, Luca della Rob-

bia, Thorwaldsen, and Catalani. The monuments are ancient, many of them having been taken from ancient cities and used either the second time, or brought here merely as curiosities.

The most beautiful place of sepulture in the world, however, seems to me to be the Campo Santo, of Genoa. Here in long halls are modern monuments by the hundred, some of them being marvels of workmanship and design, yet not all of them in good taste. It is touching to see a mother lifting up the child to kiss the lips of the dead father, all the

LEANING TOWER, BAPTISTERY AND DUOMO.—PISA

forms being life-sized and the faces perfect copies, but it is not artistic. Many of the tombs, however, are purely artistic, and a vast number of such striking works of modern sculpture makes a picture one would not want to forget.

En route from Genoa to Pisa we passed Carrara with its quarries of pure marble, where 6,000 men are at work. These quarries are in the mountains, which for a stretch of 20 miles are solid marble, covered simply with moss, save where

the hand of man has for centuries been engaged, and from these places comes a long gleam of white (simply the exposed marble), that in the distance we believed to be snow. In these mountains alone Italy has marble enough for the world for thousands of years to come. It is no wonder that every house here is of stone and many of marble, yet inhabited by the poorer people, many of whom herd together in palaces that once echoed to the tread of rulers.

Italy is the land of art, song, great churches, grand views, delicate fruits and pernicious beggars. If you throw a stone out of a window, ten to one it hits a beggar. They line your way from the station to the hotel, from the hotel to every church door, and thus follow you up to the time of your departure. They never get angry at your refusal, but will run smilingly along side your carriage for a mile, and then if you give them nothing will go off smiling. Many, especially about the churches, are lame or blind, but the ordinary beggar is singularly lazy. Again it seems to be expected that the tourist is willing to shed coppers like a duck sheds water, and we have seen boys stop work or play on sight of us, and come whining for alms. If refused, they put back their ordinary smiling faces and go back singing to the task or game left off. Fruit here is delicious and cheap. For four cents we get three pints of cherries, such as we cannot get at home, and strawberries, large and luscious, for about six cents a quart. We buy these in large quantities and carry them on all our journeys, and could even stand poor meals with good bread and such fruit. But we get no poor meals in our hotels. They are far better than we would have at home for the same money, and I have yet to find poor bread, poor butter, or badly cooked meats in Europe. I object to taking an hour and a half to a meal, but the fact that the meal is a good one is something gained. But this is a long letter, the skies are bright above us, and the carriages are at the door—we are off for Rome.

In The Eternal City.

It is hard to think, speak or write coherently of the Eternal city. One feels as if there was but a step between this place and the original garden where our gardener forefather and his economical and great hearted wife first took upon themselves the task and duty of living. It is like getting back to the beginning of things. Ride down one of the modern streets, with factories, warehouses, stores and residences on each side, just such blocks as you have seen in Cincinnati, New York or other American cities, and then try if you can to intelligently absorb the fact that this same city was founded seven and a half centuries before Christ, by Romulus and Remus, those mystic children whom even the fates could not prevail against; babes suckled of the wolf and so made strong for conquest. After two hundred years this to-be mistress of the world expelled King Tarquin, and for nearly five centuries the republic lasted—the citizens of freedom conquering the Etruscans, Samnites, Gauls, Turcomans and other people. Then came the wars with Carthage and the conquest of Corsica, Sicily, Spain, Greece, Pergamus, Provence and Gaul, and Augustus Caesar became emperor, and the Christ-man was not yet come.

And today alongside the last new block of nineteenth century stores, stand the walls of some great palace or church or bath that was aged and gray with time when that same Augustus Caesar sat enthroned in state. One does not often see a finer railway station than the one at Rome, yet directly opposite it are the ruins of the baths of Diocletian, 6,000 feet around, and with accommodations, (in those earlier days when

Romans were more cleanly than they seem to be at present,) for 3,000 bathers daily. These baths were built in the fourth century by enslaved Christians, and some idea of their size may be gained from the fact that one of the great vaulted halls in 1561 was made into a church, still in use, which is 350 feet long and 90 feet high. Here can be seen as fresh as if the artist's work was but finished yesterday, Domenichino's wonderful frescoes, as well as Houdon's statue of St. Bruno, and the tombs of Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

Other halls of the bath are used for military store houses, and part for a monastery. Near by, in the very yards of the railway company, are a part of the original walls of Rome, 1,600 years old, and which were originally fifty-five feet high and fourteen miles around. Twelve of the old gates are still in use, and today, as in that elder day, soldiers stand by them. Not, however, to keep the enemy at bay, but simply

as excise officers to examine each cart and carriage, and see that nothing enters the city until the tax is paid.

Stretching for many miles outside of Rome over the Campagna are the vast arcades of the acqueducts—the *Aqua Marcia*, still bringing water to the city from the Sabine mountains, 56 miles away. Yet this same acqueduct was built 156 years before the birth of the Bethlehem babe. The *Aqua Virgo*, built by Agrippa for his baths, breaks out in a great gush of finest water from the Fountain of Trevi, only a stone's throw from our hotel. Those ancient builders evidently did not get their contracts through political scheming or else they did better work for their political bosses than our contractors for public institutions do at the present time.

Walk a bit with me from this same Fountain of Trevi. That dry goods store yonder is as modern as the one good-natured Tom Howell presides over in our own city; that fruit stand next door looks for all the world like Phil Rothenbush's place, and there is one on the corner opposite, with a man at the door who looks like Ratliff, up at the corner of Third and High. Yet while the nineteenth century is all around us, slip down this alley with me –mind your steps—we are twenty feet below the level of the city of today, and history is all around us. Just yonder Virginius saved his daughter's honor with the knife he had hastily filched from the butcher's block, and then when she fell dead at his feet, made his way through the crowd and took horse to tell of the deeds that were done in Rome. Here is where the faithful Antony made his memorable speech over the dead Caesar; where he shook out the blood stained mantle, and with eulogy too great for such a man as Caesar, with sarcasm keener than Casca's "envious blade" made the populace thirst for blood. Over yonder Cicero has spoken. In the center is where that fabled chasm yawned into which full armed rode Marcus Curtius, flower of Roman youth, that ruin might be averted. Here still stands three Parian marble columns, all that remains of

the temple of Castor and Pollux, built 484 years before Christ. In those rooms the Vestal virgins slept; here is a part of the Temple of Saturn, and all about here the Sabines and Romans fought. Above us to the right are the ruins of the palace of the Caesars and a moment's walk shows us the Tarpeian rock. Wonderfully interesting are all these things, and more than passing strange. Centuries have brought new sights and wonders, but here are things that almost came in with time, and column and arch and statue are as fine as

THE APPIAN WAY.

work of yesterday. Another walk of three minutes down the sacred way and Rome's chief marvel rises in its matchless beauty, Vespasian's Colosseum. Jewish captives finished this wonder, A. D. 80, and they had a more than royal time when the last stone was in place. I think Titus had succeeded Vespasian before the inauguration. Anyhow the celebration, from a heathen standpoint was made fit for such a building. One hundred thousand people found sitting room around the various tiers, and for all I know they attended regularly during the whole 100 days, and in that time 10,000 men and half as many beasts were slain. It makes one's blood boil

to recall the history of the place, and the times of its use, but for all that it is perhaps the most beautiful ruin in the world, and especially so by moonlight. It is in the shape of an ellipse, one-third of a mile around, 156 feet high, and with an arena 279 by 174 feet, which could be flooded for naval combats. The beasts were kept in stone dungeons beneath the arena, and the marks in the stone division wall of the ropes by which they were dragged up to make a meal

THE COLOSSEUM.

upon Christian flesh are still to be seen.

But to tell of all the wonderful things of the olden time still standing in Rome is not my purpose. The city is unlike any other in the world because of the odd manner in which the old and the new are thrown together. Here stands an arch antedating the birth of Christianity, and alongside it are

the works of the electric light company. Yonder are the Baths of Caracalla, and the stables of the street car company are across the way. Here is the roughest kind of a grog-shop outside the gates, and burly teamsters are squabbling over their cups, and yet next door is a little church built on the spot where Paul and Peter met. In another direction we see the round tomb celebrated by Rogers in his poem "Only a Woman's Grave," the tomb of Caecilia Metella, and beyond here the brethren met St. Paul when he came to Rome to preach the word. In this direction rises the rude pyramid that stands for the tomb of Cestius, 116 feet high, and base 98 feet square, brick, covered with marble, and in its center thirty years before Christ, was placed the body of the tribune Caius Cestius. But what care we for Cestius? The shadow of his tomb falls today beside me as I stand with more of reverence by the plain marble stone that reads so sadly:

This grave
contains all that was mortal
of a
young English poet,
who
on his death bed
in the bitterness of his heart,
at the malicious power of his enemies,
desired
these words to be engraved on
his tombstone:
"Here lies one
whose name was writ in water."
Feb. 24, 1821.

And alongside this another stone speaks out in triumph for that other one of the soul-sick poet, reading:

Also Joseph Severn,
Devoted friend and death-bed companion
of
John Keats,
whom he lived to see numbered
among the immortal poets of England.

Who knows what Cestius did to make him worthy of a tomb? We simply look at his pyramid because it is a pyramid, but a tear steals down the cheek as plucking a flower from his grave we go sadly into the Protestant cemetery a few steps away, thanking God that while enemies might wound to the death the great heart of a Keats, they had no power over his song. "He sang not for a season, but for all time." Just one tomb detains us in the cemetery, a stone lying flat upon the earth, reading:

Percy Bysshe Shelley;
Cor Cordum
Natus IV Aug. MDCCXCII
Obit VIII Jul. MDCCCXXII

'Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

Poor Shelley! Only thirty when he was drowned near Pisa, after that strange Italian life with Byron and Mary—that strange woman whom poets loved and who loved poets. Future years and higher living could have made an etherealized Shakespeare out of Shelley, but the fates forbade. Who can read their purposes? His heart lies here in Rome. His body was burnt by Byron on the coast where found. Which was the happier in death I wonder; Shelley or his purer neighbor, Keats?

But this is not the place for moralizing nor the time for further scribbling. A great high bed, soft as down, stands invitingly near by. The Duchess already wanders in dreamland. The singers in the street have hushed their song, and I remember that Rome was not built in a day; and so concluding that I cannot tell all about it in a column, I shall draw the line right here and finish the Eternal City in my next.

The Ancient City of Rome.

The modern Roman is not altogether like his ancestors of Cæsar's time. "In that day to be a Roman was greater than a king," if we are to believe Miss Mitford's Rienzi, of whom we used to "elocute" in school-boy days. But the Romans of this day are not kingly. The present monarch, Victor Emanuel II, I did not see, as I forgot to acquaint him with the fact that I was going to stay at Rome, and so he did not call upon me; but in one of his many palaces I saw a fine painting of his majesty, and if policeman John Riley, he of the immense mustache, should put on some gold shoulder straps, wear a medal or two and look fierce, and could come over here to Italy, the whole populace would accept him as Vicky the Two-Times. If Johnny gets busted, all he has to do is to come over here to Italy and play king. Some of the Romans here are not bad looking fellows, but it would be hard to imagine the mass of them as attempting the deeds of the earlier Romans. One can imagine them making a united attack upon a party of tourists for begging purposes, but as to conquering other nations, or building colosseums or triumphal arches, such as stand to the credit of the earlier Romans, they would hardly be in it. But give them a chance. They have changed the rule of the church for the rule of the state, and there is vast chance for improvement. It is to be hoped they will avail themselves of it, and, if possible, I wish they would get some later Diocletian or Agrippa to teach them the purpose of the bath.

What places of interest there are in Rome. Here are the stairs of Pilate's house, on which the Christ walked,

brought here centuries ago, and a church built over them. Since then no foot has touched them, yet they are so worn that it has been found necessary to cover them with perforated boards, and up these boards, as formerly up the stone stairs, the faithful climb on their knees and win absolution for the past and a year's protection from the saints.

We saw the faithful at their task, and while it seemed all wrong to us, we recognized their sincerity, and the spirit of sacrifice that moved them, and felt that they were facing

GATE OF ST. PAUL.—ROME.
PYRAMIDAL TOMB OF CAIUS CESTIUS.

the throne of the merciful one as they journeyed painfully up. It is not the form, but the faith in it, that makes the worship true.

Then here is the Mamertine prison, and in its lowest dungeon a well, deep in the earth, curbed round with stone. Not a great sight to be sure—with the rude stone pillar a few feet away, yet it is believed by many students of the olden history of Rome, and accepted by all the faithful, that St. Paul was bound to this pillar, and in the water of this well he baptized the jailer who asked the way of salvation. Not

far from here on a small hill another church stands, over the spot where it is claimed Peter was crucified, and they not only show you the hole in which the crucifix stood, but will bring you a bit of the sand in which the base of the crucifix was placed, and you may give the good priest what you choose therefor and believe as much or as little of the story as you please. There is much doubt as to whether Peter was ever in Rome, but the church of St. Pietro in Vincoli, built in 442, contains in a casket of gold the chains that are supposed to have bound the apostle. Here also is Michael Angelo's great statue of Moses, worth a long journey to see.

But Rome has churches enough to convert all Italy, and to refer to them but briefly would demand all your space. St. Mary Maggiore is interesting, not because it holds the cradle manger of Christ, or a painting of the Madonna by St. Luke, as also the remains of St. Matthew, but because it is decorated with the first gold brought from America, and which was presented to the Pope by Ferdinand and Isabella. But all these churches, as all the churches of the world beside, fall into insignificance before St. Peter's. No wonder the Catholic people hold fast to a religion which gives them places of worship that outshine in grandeur and beauty all the palaces of the earth. The meanest church one sees in Italy has inside its walls a wealth of beauty in various forms of art, that in itself is divine enough to command the spirit of worship. One may joke as he pleases of "the old masters," but on the walls of many churches in this country are many Madonnas by these old kings of art that represent not only all that is motherly in woman, but all that is divine as well. I have seen a Madonna by Sasso Ferrato that cried out to me of the beauties of holiness as no human voice could ever do. And every church has pictures by the score, and hardly one of the lot but is worth more than all the canvasses hung at the great expositions in Cincinnati. It is true one gets tired of the repetitions of the same subject so often,

all but that sweetest subject ever chosen by painter—the Mother and the Child. I have great sympathy and respect for St. Sebastian, but I am terribly tired of his arrows. He really seems to me to be proud of them, and all over Europe he is to be found exposing his arrow ridden person, and looking as if he were saying to each beholder, "Go thou and do likewise." He'll have to excuse yours truly. Another cheerful saint is St. Bartholomew. It was his misfortune to be flayed alive; and after that excruciating ordeal he fell into the habit of going around wearing his shed skin like an old Roman used to wear his toga, thrown carelessly over his shoulder and arm, and in that condition preaching to the people. I can't swear to the truth of this, but the good saint is to be found all over Europe on canvass and in stone, wearing his epidermis loose and lifting up his voice in exhortation. In the cathedral at Milan, that wondrous church of a thousand spires and six thousand statues, is a fine piece of sculpture representing St. Bartholomew, and the sculptor or the authorities of the church, lest honor or fault be unjustly applied, have taken pains to inscribe on the pedestal the fact that the statue was not sculptured by Praxiteles. Why such an announcement is necessary passes my power of understanding.

St. Lawrence is another one of the cheerful brotherhood. It was his misfortune to be roasted on a gridiron, and he is to be seen in half the churches of the continent undergoing his martyrdom. Sometimes he seems to be suffering considerably, and at others as if he never had such a treat in his life. For real downright enjoyment and pleasant dreams I commend a four weeks' inspection of the representation in color and in stone of these three martyrs.

But "to return to my mutton-chop," as a young translator of the party expresses a well known French phrase apropos of a return to a subject one has wandered from. The church of St. Peter is the greatest church in the world. It was built by Constantine, A. D. 326, on the site of Nero's

circus. I may say here *en passant*, that Nero's was a one-ringed circus, and the menagerie was not shown in a separate tent. Whether there was a concert after the circus I can't say, but from all I have been able to learn, it was a very celebrated circus and worthy of this late puff in your columns.

The present church was built from 1450 to 1626, Raphael and Michael Angelo being among the architects. It cost over $60,000,000 in those early days of slave labor, and its

CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

building lasted during the reigns of twenty-eight popes. It covers 240,000 square feet, and is the largest as well as the finest church in the world. The effect from the outside is not so great as from the inside, due to the peculiar construction of the dome, which does not show from the circle without the church, known as Piazzo di St. Pietro. But when

one gets on the Janiculum hill, or any of the heights about Rome, then the dome rises up in its majesty, grander and more magnificent than anything else in the world in that line. But when one steps inside the church, the wonder begins to grow upon him. The total length is 696 feet, more than one-eighth of a mile. The length of the nave is 619 feet with a width of 88 feet, and height of 153, (the height of the dome and cross being 470 feet, with a diameter of 141 feet); the transept is 450 feet long. In the center, under the dome is the magnificent high altar over the tomb of St. Peter, which is appoached by marble stairs and surrounded by 112 ever burning lamps. The wooden throne of St. Peter, encased in gold, stands at the further end, under a canopy of bronze from the Pantheon, 95 feet high, made by Bernini in 1633.

The church has 36 altars, 148 columns, mostly from the ruins of ancient Rome, and of course a few columns from the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and two or three from Solomon's Temple. It is a pretty poor Italian church that has not a supply of columns from these two place. 137 popes are buried here, as also Maria Sobieski, several Stuart princes, Palestrina, and Christina of Sweden. To describe the many monuments, mosaics, frescoes and statues is the work of Ruskin, and the exigencies of time and space forbid.

One must look closely to comprehend the magnitude of the place. Not far from the door of entrance are some marble cupids about the fonts of holy water. They seem small enough from the entrance, but they are larger than a full grown man.

The people around the altar in the center seem like babies from the doorway. Standing with them, look up into the center of the dome. You see only a mass of color, but examine with your glass—you find the mass of color resolves itself into a majestic mosaic of God, so forceful in its composition that you are held in the very spirit of reverent worship.

You may see St. Peter's again and again, and there will always be something new, and at each visit more and more of the wondrous beauty and majesty of the church takes possession of you. We attended mass on Sabbath there and heard the singing of the choir. There was a tenor and a male soprano there whose voices are sweeter than any we have ever heard elsewhere. How these tones of praise rung through those wondrous heights; it was like the service of gods on some wondrous mountain height—up where the thunders and the eagles play. There seemed to be something in the service not of earth or mortality, but of something above and beyond both.

Of the Vatican adjoining the church I have nothing to say. It is said to have 11,000 rooms, but as we were pressed for time we only visited 10,876 and took the rest for granted. It is in the Vatican the pope has remained ever since his elevation, as it is said it would not be safe for him to be outside its walls. Immediately outside the walls soldiers of the state keep up a perpetual march—not to keep the pope a prisoner, but to enforce upon the Catholic minds the fact that all of Rome and Italy is under the rule of the emperor and the state, and no longer that of the church—the pope. The latter may exact tribute from the faithful within the walls of St. Peter and the Vatican, but outside Victor Emanuel II is the sovereign. The royal staircase leading to the Sistine chapel is a wonderfully beautiful piece of work, and in the chapel is to be seen Michael Angelo's ceiling frescoes of the Creation, Fall, Deluge, etc., and on the altar wall his terrible and incomparable Last Judgment. There are in the Vatican four rooms frescoed by Raphael, and pictures by that master (including his beautiful Transfiguration and Madonna.) Leonardo de Vinci, Titian, Murillo, Domenichino, Guido, Fra Angelico, and the other world-famed names are found in wonderful profusion. Here also are found the Laocoon, Apollo Belvedere, Canova's Perseus,

Juno, Minerva, Mercury, Torso, Eros and the Vatican's Venus. The wealth of these two buildings is simply beyond me to compute. While you are trying to estimate it I will busy myself with my next letter, which will be concerning Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii and sights and scenes and incidents thereunto appertaining.

CEMETERY OF THE CAPUCHIN MONKS,
IN CHURCH OF CAPPUCCINI.

The City of Naples.

This city, with a population of 512,000 souls, lies 162 miles southwest of Rome. It is the Greek *Parthenope* and as such dates from 1056 B. C. Poets have raved over it for centuries, because of its beauty of situation, an ancient writer calling it, "*un pezzo del cielo caduto in terra*,"—a bit of heaven let down to earth. The well known "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*"—"See Naples, and then die," is of course familiar to all, but I can't see why one should die after seeing Naples, unless it be of the dirt, for it is unquestionably the dirtiest, foulest place in the world. It is not Naples that is beautiful, but its surroundings. The bay has the curve of beauty, across it rises Vesuvius with its cap of smoke, beyond is the coast of *Castellammare* and Sorrento, and in the center of the bay the islands of Capri, Ischia and Procida, all of which were originally settled by the Greeks. The water front of Naples is decidedly picturesque, three forts on immense rocks commanding the entrance to the harbors. Castle St. Elmo on the west, is built on the summit of a rock 820 feet high, while castle Dell'Ovo (the egg) is at almost as great an altitude. These forts are centuries old, and gray with their years add a peculiarly effective touch to the picture. Back of the bay filled with queer crafts of all shapes and sizes, rise the houses of the lower part of the city. Some of these are 100 feet high, abutting on streets hardly wide enough for a single team, and above these rise great mountains of rock, which have been cut into for other streets with scores of oddly shaped

houses, inhabited in all the lower parts of the city by the poorer people.

Through the city runs the Toledo or principal street, which is about the only part of Naples, outside of its situation, which is fair to look upon. Bright stores are on either hand, while a couple of blocks from the bay is the public square with the royal palace on one side and the church of the Gesu Nuovo, a minature St. Peter's of Rome, on the

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

other. Two blocks above this is the Gallerie Victor Emanuel, a great arcade full of the principal stores of the city, and where the people congregate at night. It is a splendid piece of work, the dome rising to the height of nearly 200 feet, and the four passages beneath, each 100 feet wide exclusive of the stores on either side, afford room for many promenaders.

Those galleries or arcades are a feature of the principal Italian cities, and most of them have been built in honor of the present king and the unification of Italy.

Coleridge's quatrain on the smells of Cologne is entirely too mild for the smells of Naples. There are more bad smells here to the square inch than can be found to windward of Ivorydale, or of Si Keck's celebrated dissecting factory at Brighton. If you want to lose all interest in an approaching meal just walk along the water front, where the fishsellers and the fruit and vegetable peddlers mostly do congregate. It would take all the breezes from Araby the Blest to purify the air for an instant. And those lower Neapolitans are so villainously dirty; with such grand facilities for bathing and washing it is a wonder they have never yet been converted to that gospel of cleanliness which is so close to godliness. In no other Italian city are beggars so thick and peddlers so persistent. One of the latter tried for three days to sell me a "fine comb," and to save my life at the time I could not understand why he and his kind had nothing but "fine combs" to sell, but it is all clear now. After three days in Naples a bald-headed man has need for a fine-tooth comb. I think a wooden Indian would need one. There seems to be a certain hour of the day when all the people of Naples perform the rite of the fine-toothed comb. We drove from 4 to 5 one evening through the environs of the city and the water front, and as sure as my head itches yet, (simply sympathetic) for five long miles, in front of each store and residence we saw the mothers and nurses busily engaged in searching the heads of the youngsters in their charge and ever and anon stopping to massacre a small something, the discovery of which gave them one and all the greatest enjoyment. If a woman had an unusually good haul she told the news in joyous strains to her neighbors across the way, and received their congratulations in a spirit of mixed satisfaction and modesty that was worth a long journey to witness. I

shall never forget the universal use of these fine-toothed search-warrants in Naples, nor the other soothing spectacle witnessed for miles along these same thoroughfares, of fresh-made macaroni in all shapes and sizes hanging on poles in front of the factories, or lying on the pavements and all around and about, and upon this same macaroni the flies and the children and the dogs held high carnival. I can't tell

A MACARONI FEAST.

how long the macaroni is subjected to such exposure, but our party has unanimously resolved that it will be a very cold day when any of us tackle the one-time toothsome paste again. If Frank Gibbins or Dan Charles sell me any more macaroni they must produce vouchers that it did not come from Italy, and that it was dried in an oven too hot for flies and afar from dirty children and roving dogs.

Naples is not so rich in art treasures as most of the other Italian cities. In fact in all things that lift soul and mind, outside of the things of nature, southern Italy is poor. Northern and central Italy have a wealth of art that is beyond expression in figures—single churches in smaller cities owning pictures a Vanderbilt could not purchase. The result of this dearth of art in southern Italy is seen in the people and their habits. They are not so handsome as the residents of other parts of the country, and by no means so well educated, so courteous and so enterprising. Besides this, their moral scale is lower. In no Italian city but Naples did vice obtrude itself, but here an unprotected man is in danger even in broad daylight. He wants his wife and a police officer at his side to keep off the "giddy girls" and the male toughs, who make a business of inviting tourists to dens of dirt and danger and moral death.

It is from this port of Italy and from Sicily that New Orleans got those undesirable citizens she so unceremoniously rid herself of recently. The mafia has no hold in other parts of the nation—only in the south of Italy does it flourish.

Naples has some art of course, possessing a very large museum, but in it are few pictures or statues that are famous in the art world. The museum has a fine collection of articles from Pompeii and Herculaneum, and of Greek and Egyptian curios, but no painting the art student journeys to see. Of 260 churches in the city, none have more than a local name, and while here and there can be found a canvas of Raphael or Titian, they are not examples of those masters at their best. The Farnese Bull, restored by Michael Angelo, is perhaps the greatest piece of art in Naples. The one thing that the Neapolitans pride themselves in is the San Carlo theatre—one of the largest in the world. It is a very unattractive building from the outside, but it has been the scene of some of the greatest triumphs in the world of song. The people of Southern Italy are more given to music than

their northern brethren, and from the moment of our arrival we were surrounded by good natured and more or less artistic performers on the mandolin and guitar. They follow our boats in the bay, forced themselves into the dining room of the hotel, and we walked, rode, ate and slept in an atmosphere of music and song. A few centissimi, five to a cent, satisfies a band of a half dozen performers, and much of their music was really enjoyable.

Vesuvius was in full view all the time, but we did not ascend it. We talked of doing so the entire trip, but when we reached Naples we found the mercury roosting away

ROYAL PALACE AND CASTLE OF ST. ELMO.—NAPLES.

above the 100 place on the thermometer even down on the bay, and concluded that 4,000 feet nearer the sun would be entirely too hot for us. Moreover the mountain had just had one of its periodical attacks of measels and had broken out most beautifully, so that there was too much danger in the ascent. We, therefore, satisfied ourselves with viewing it from all possible points in Naples, from the bay and from the mountain heights over about Sorrento and Costellammare. It was at this time the Brazilian gentleman, against the judg-

ment of his friends, made the ascent only to fall into the crater and find a terrible death. He left a wife and two children at Paris, and we can imagine what a blow was struck them by the whispering wire that brought the story of his loss. But what a magnificent sepulcher the poor man found.

MR. BEAUCHAMP FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE.---VENICE

Under Italian Skies.

A day to be marked with a white stone on the way of life, reddest of red-letter days in the book of days, that day in June, when putting out from Naples, its dirt and its myriad foul scents, over a sea blue as ever were eve'n skies, and smooth as a fair maid's cheek, we set sail for Capri, the Blue Grotto and Sorrento. It was such a day as poets write of: the skies had tints the old masters of Italian art never dreamed of, the breezes were sweet from groves of orange and of lime on distant islands, each heart-throb was an ecstasy, and life for an hour seemed worth a year's existence anywhere else in the world—save home. Our little vessel awaited us in the open, and as soon as we were on board off the punt that brought us from the shore, round and about it came the small craft of the divers, and naked as the day they were born, save for a breech-clout about their loins, and brown as Indians, they sprang into the blue sea, and swimming about our vessel cried in their one English word—"monnay, monnay." And over the railing we flung our pennies, and these children of Neptune with a merry laugh sank down in the depths of the waters and caught the coins in their teeth before ever they touched the bottom; up they came to the surface, the penny stored away in their cheeks, and again lifted up their voices and beseeched us for the copper discs that meant so little to us, but meant the solution of the problem of life to them. For an hour or more they thus amused the passengers, spending all that time in the water, seemingly as much at home there as they could have been on land. Two or three shillings at most were all the half dozen young fellows

won for their doing, but it seemed highly satisfactory to them and they bade us farewell as we put out into the bay, with many nods and smiles and contortions of their sun-browned bodies.

And then over that marvelous sea we sailed away for the island of Capri—the island of goats. It is about a dozen miles from Naples, is four and one-half miles long, with almost unbroken lines of cliffs and mountains 2,000 feet high,

CAPRI.

commanding noble views. There are nearly 5,000 inhabitants on the island, most of them farmers and coral fishers. On this island Agustus and Tiberius in that acient time had royal palaces and villas, and on the east side one sees the ruins of the villa of Tiberius, and the rock 700 feet high, called the *Salto di Tiberio*, and it was from this rock the cruel

emperor made his victims leap into the sea. On the very summit of this mountain island stands Barbarossa's castle. The purpose of our visit to Capri was to see the Blue Grotto, one of the most beautiful sights in the world. The island has many grottoes, but only the Blue one is famous. In rough weather it cannot be visited as it is entered through a narrow aperture, where the sea beats against a sightly cliff. The aperture is only large enough for a small skiff to push its way through, the two passengers being compelled to lie at full length, until the entrance be passed. Once within, it is impossible to suppress the cries of astonishment and surprise that demand utterance. The Blue Grotto is like nothing else in the world. It is simply a cave 106 by 80 feet in area, and 40 feet high, filled to the ocean's level with sea water of a silver blue that suggests nothing but a great living jewel. The roof of the grotto is white, and the light through the narrow aperture plays upon the roof and the water beneath, and the result is fairy-land. A dozen boats followed our own in, and boats and passengers alike were encased in that wonderful sheen of silver blue until we seemed a company of immortals met for a season in one of the palaces of the gods. On a rocky shelf in the furthest end of the cave we make out a nude statue of the Diver, silver blue like all things else in sight. Suddenly it quivers into life and in liquid Italian our boatman tells us the boy will leap into the water for a few pence. They are promised, and there is a lifting up of that lithe form, and then it goes down into that wonderful pool becoming the instant the water envelopes it an old-time god of shining silver tipped with electric blue. Each motion of a muscle, or of a limb, is distinctly seen in the translucent depths, and for the time we are none of us of this world and this life, but lifted out of both, and dwelling with the fabled people in the age of the unreal. We are speechless with surprise, and without protestation we allow our boatman to take us out of this

wonderful fairy palace, away from this silver knight who lives in the water, and through the narrow door in the great rock, to the blue Mediterranean and the blue skies, and the waiting vessel beyond. It has been a quarter of an hour such as can be had no where else in the world—unless it may come back to us when spent with the day's tasks we wander in dreamland, and see the whole beautiful picture with the inner eye of the soul, that only opens when the eyes of the man material are no longer his to control. A few moments' waiting for the rest, and then silent, one and all we kept our eyes on that narrow aperture in the wall that let us into fairy land, and the vessel bears us away to the little port of Capri, where dinner awaits us. And when we have landed, and passed the persistent women who have donkies to let, and the coral-sellers, and the children who beg for pennies, not because they need them, but because it is the custom of the children of this country to beg till they are old enough to be entrusted with the sale of things, and are seated at table, we still wonder over that rare sight in the blue grotto, and tell each other how if fortune will, we shall return and bring all the loved ones so far away today—not to see Naples, nor Vesuvius, nor Pompeii, but that rarest, fairest sight of all this land's many marvels, the blue grotto of the island of Capri.

On our way to the hotel Ingheltera, the donkey owners beset us. It is only 200 yards from the quay to the hotel, but they beg us to mount the donkies—shaggy, comical creatures, hardly larger than a Newfoundland dog. And such names, "Takee my donkey—" says one woman—him Michael Angelo—good donkey," but the owner of "George Washington" pushes her to one side and trusts to American patriotism for a fare. But we are dubious of donkey riding and make our way through the dust, up the cliff, and are soon seated at tables on the porch of the hotel—for we have ordered luncheon by telegraph long before, and while it is being served we look over the waters to Naples and Vesuvius and

follow the mountains and villages on that grand curve of the bay. While we eat, half-naked children gather beneath the porch, and sing, dance and stand on their heads and beg for pennies with musical voices and black eyes set in faces that are beautiful enough for artists to paint. These Italian children are the most beautiful little rascals in the world, but it is a beauty that does not long abide with them. The lower classes soon lose it, male and female, and in many cases age brings horrible ugliness. While the children thus amuse us, mothers and sisters also try to beguile the nimble sixpences and shillings from our purses. They toss up on our tables great strings of real red coral, wrested by their husbands and brothers from the coral rocks over towards Spain. A franc buys coral enough for necklaces for half a dozen American babies, and before our luncheon is over everyone of the party has strand upon strand of the red grains wound about their necks, and we go down to the boat bedecked like a tribe of Indians, the men laughing at their grotesque appearance and the women proud of such a store of real coral.

Our day of days is not half over. Out again upon that wonderful sea we sail, bound for Sorrento further along the bay--with Pompeii and Herculaneum beyond, and Naples at the further side. Two hours of delight and the rocks of Sorrento are before us. A wonderful place this. Quaint villages, ancient churches, natural curiosities, villas, convents, glens, myrtle and orange groves, rocky islets and points, make it unique among Italian summer resorts. The village of Sorrento proper is on the summit of a high rock, rising straight as a wall of man's making, out of the sea. It is hundreds of feet high,and on either side are deep ravines rich with verdure, running into the sea, ravines that the simple-minded dwellers there people with fairies. Tasso was born here in 1544, and the house of his birth is our hotel today. They seem to build houses in this climate for eternity, rather than for time. As we land we wonder how we are ever to reach our hotel

way up on the rock, but a ragged boy points us to a hole in the wall, large enough for a fair-sized ship to sail into, and through it we march and find ourselves in a huge tunnel twenty feet wide, and for a quarter of a mile we walk through this queer hall-way, turning now to the right and now to the left, and always on the up grade, and at last emerge into daylight and another bit of fairyland. We are at the crest of the great rock and in a mighty garden of orange, lemon and rose trees, all of them golden with ripe fruit, or red and white and pink with such roses as our country knows not of. Fountains are playing merrily, statues gleam here and there through the green, and along the paths sheep and beautiful cats and kittens gambol, for this animal seems to be the household god of the Italians. Through a bewildering maze of such beauty as we have found nowhere else, we walk to the village front of our hotel—a great marble palace—five stories high, and find most royal welcome and great magnificently furnished rooms ready for us. Just a moment's dip of our faces in the cool water, poured out for us by a light-footed, sweet-faced maid, a moment more under her deft hands, that the dust of the tunnel passage way be removed from our garments, and then we opened our windows and looked out upon a picture fairer than any we have ever seen in our travels.

At our feet, hundreds of feet below, the odd little harbor, and the red, yellow and white sailed fishing boats just in from the day's toil of the fishers. Some are unloading great masses of shining sea monsters, others are rolling up their nets. Now and then we catch faintly the sound of their voices as they cry out to the women on the quay, telling them of their luck. To the right Vesuvius rises, belching forth a great stream of black smoke that winds itself sluggishly about the evening winds and is borne far over the white villages that stretch out at the base of the volcano towards Naples on one side and Sorrento on the other. The evening clouds of gold and jasper and sapphire and emerald are fill-

ing all the sky with turreted castles and many spired cathedrals, with here and there bits of dreamland, forests for the sky fairies to wander through and islands dotted with lakes of molten gold. Straight opposite lies Naples, no longer a place of dirt and death, but a city fair enough for gods to dwell in. Kissed into a wondrous glory by the setting sun until it glows and sparkles into a picture that only the great Artist himself could fashion for his children's wonder and amazement. Those huge castles guarding the sea front are carved out of solid gold, and the red of the sky is a setting fit for them. And from the highest point of this beautiful city of evening our eyes go down along the decreasing shore line to that farthest point in sight, stretching out into the south, and we know that here was where Paul landed and began his long walk that after a time brought him into the Appian way, and then to Rome, where the fates found him and where he dared all things and then went by the cruel way of death to his reward. And as we look out upon this picture of more than earthly beauty, somehow we are drawn closely to the great heart that throbbed so true after it had been touched by the Master's cry, and it seems but a step back to his day, and so easy to take it, and taking it, feel as never before the glory and worth of the gospel he proclaimed.

And now the gold has been withdrawn into the inexhaustible treasury, and the purple that preceeds the dark floods all the sky-world with a new beauty. Through it as it deepens the stars begin to gleam, and the lights of the villages break one by one into liquid life, and all along the shore and up the mountain heights, their glimmer makes the night rich with flame, and the wind bears to our ears the sound of vesper bells and the voices of peasants singing their evening hymns. The purple dies away, the lights shine clearer through the black night, the heavenly way is a silver and gold pathway to the unknown Country, and while we fancy we are on its very borders, the sound of the dinner bell breaks the spell, and one comes back to earth and earthly things but more thankful than ever before for life and its privileges, and praising God for this day of delight and this eve'n hour of glory and wonder.

On with the Dance.

Our "red-letter day" of which I have already written had a fitting close. The dark had come upon us as we went through the many courses of an excellent table d' hote dinner, and when following our *cafe noir*, or black coffee, we adjourn-

OUR HOTEL AT SORRENTO.

ed to the marble-floored portico of the hotel the sight that greeted us was one of rare beauty. Here and there on the waters of the Mediterranean, 300 feet below us, sparkled and

danced the lights on the fisher's boats. Across the bay the gas and electric lights of Naples, and other lights stretching miles away till they joined with the stars near the horizon line. To the right the shadow of Vesuvius loomed up and stretching far above it toward the north its black smoke, now and then made red by the glare of the hidden fires. All around and about us twinkled the lights on the mountains, from monastery, church and home. A crescent moon added to the beauty of it all, with myriad stars of silver glory. We seated ourselves on the portico and drank in the beauty of the night and place, the while the electric lights of the hotel played upon the green and gold of the lime, lemon and orange trees surrounding us. Suddenly we heard the silvery tinkle of mandolin and guitar, the click of castanets and the sweet sound of the violin, and through the streets there came to us a score of Neapolitans, male and female, dressed in their many hued national costumes, that came in with the birth of this people into the beauty of art, and is fast being driven away by the demands and customs of so-called fashion and civilization. This was our troupe of tarantella performers engaged by ourselves by telegraph, because we had heard and read of these delightful performers. Smiling and bowing they leaped upon the marble floor and "the night was filled with music." Not the precise music of the later school, sacrificing rythm and melody and fire to the demands of the classicists and the desire of the performer to exhibit his skill in the difficult runs and intricate measures that "are full of sound and fury, yet signifying nothing," but music that came out of the sunshine, and the birds' song, and the ocean's breeze, and the night's beauty, and the leaves' rustling, and was simply the expression, uncontrolled, of happy hearts and souls that felt all the glad beauty and glory of life in such a place, and under such skies as those that hung rich in stars above us. It was the music that is born into receptive souls, and had to do with their whole lives and nature, not the

music whipped by impatient masters into nimble fingers controlled by indifferent and unappreciative minds.

And then when we were ready to cry aloud our pleasure, suddenly the performers separated into two parties, and while the music came gladder and more swift from the instruments, as if the souls of the players had just had a new revelation of the glory of living, the dancers began to twirl and bend and sway and leap into a tangled, yet orderly and poetic play—in which every motion was a word and each bar a paragraph. Red and blue and yellow and white of dress, silver and gold and irridescence of jewels, and the green of the trees and the shadows of the electric lights, and the laughing eyes of the dancers and their white teeth and rosy cheeks were all flashing in one grand picture, and the wonder grew upon us each and all that there was such clean and royal pages in the Book of Life, and that we were privileged to turn them. With music that was a revelation to us all, and with dancing and sudden tableaux unlike anything else in the world pertaining to the saltatory art, they made moments for us out of the hours. The dancing had none of the indecencies of the modern ballet, the limbs were decorously covered and there was nothing that might not have added interest to a church entertainment, but how bright and beautiful and new it all was.

And when they had played and danced and posed for us until our hands were red with applauding, and our souls filled with satisfaction, they sprang a new delight upon us. They performed pantomimes that were as new and original as the music and dancing and the songs, and we laughed till we cried. Old women and old men, preachers and deacons forgot that life had any austere phases or serious moments, and some of them leaped from their chairs and lifted their voices in such shouts that the mountains caught them up and threw them back in rolling echoes from recesses far up where the thunders and the eagles played, and the fisher folk in

their vessels below heard the cries and laughed loud and long, for they knew that Italy's most famous tarantella performers were playing upon the heart strings of the foreign visitors to their beautiful Sorrento.

One thing that added to our enjoyment was the fact that the performers themselves were so joyous. It seemed simply a part of their life, not one of their tasks for bread. There was nothing perfunctory about it—they sang as if life was all song, danced as if existence was all dancing, and played as if such playing came upon them at birth. The tarantella is a Neapolitan and Spanish dance—or rather series of dances, unlike anything ever seen in America. There is nothing sensuous or indecent in it; no short costumes, no suggestive motions, but is rather the innocence and glee of childhood, its romps and plays set to music and educated into poetic form and artistic measures. It is something to see and dream of for a life time. The singing of this troupe was far better than that of the average Italian opera troupe we hear at home, and their songs were of their own soil and their own life, and were musical as the falling waters above which the birds carol, and we laughed with them as their expressive faces told us of things that were comical, and we wept with them as we understood those same faces when they sang of the sad moments that enter into all lives. They made us better men and women—they sang and danced and played into our natures the very gospel of the universal brotherhood of man, and when, after three hours of the rarest enjoyment ever performers presented to wondering and delighted auditors, they fell out of a beautiful tableau into their separate selves and tried to bow themselves away from us into their lovely homes—afar from the glitter and glare of our palace hotel, we would not permit it, but ran and took them by the hands and in our wonderful Italian, that must have set their very teeth on edge, we told them of our pleasure and delight, and like the modest children they really are—

full grown men and women though they be, they hung their heads and were abashed. We pressed gifts upon them, and whether they would or no, took from them their castanets—of olive wood, inlaid with Sorrento work –for this wonderful inlaying of wood is a specialty of the place, and gave them silver until their very eyes sparkled and the way into the future seemed brighter for them because of our liberality. And I had arrangements made and got a large photograph of those sunny faced men and women taken on the marble portico in one of their tableaux following the dance of the tarantella, and had it colored by an artist.

And at last we let our merry friends sing us a last farewell, and gathering up their instruments and robes they passed out of our lives perhaps forever, so far as their personality is concerned, but leaving with us memories of enjoyment that are worth a fortune, and lessons of life worth more; for humble peasants though they be, rude and unlettered in the niceties of life as we have been taught to look upon it, they showed us how easy it is to find sunshine and content; how much of innocent pleasure can be had if we are willing to reach out for it, and how much more life is worth the living if we mix it with song and music and play. "God bless the merry musicians of Sorrento," we said, as their many colored garments flashed back to us between the lemon and orange trees as they went from us into the night. And down the cliffs they went to their homes; and by and by there came up to us the sweet sounds of their last farewell, and the upper heights caught them and tossed them from crag to peak and back again, and we lifted our own voices and tried to make reply. Fainter and fainter the sound of the sweet young voices, and then—only the flutter of the bats overhead, and now and then the cry beneath us from the boat of some fishermen. And as we turned for a good-night look at Vesuvius and Naples, and the lights upon Capri, suddenly, from the villages and cities, on the level and on the heights, flashed

into the upper night the gold and silver, and green and red and blue, of rockets and roman candles and other ingenious fire-works. Village spoke to village and city to city with these fiery messengers, and the clang of the church bells were heard and not far away the crooning of a mass, and it was midnight, and the day of the Blessed St. John was come and the faithful worshipers had not forgotten. All honor to those of every creed who, whether by night or by day, stand ready to perform their religious functions. And I love those faithful Catholic souls, not because I understand their religion, but because I do understand and appreciate the sincerity and earnestness of their devotion to it. Their creed may be right or wrong, God will decide that, but the spirit of their readiness to worship, and their evident faith, is something the believers in all creeds could adopt and be the better therefor. But the last rocket has climbed its golden way toward the stars.

Pompeii awaits us on the morrow and so to all these beauties and pleasures, to towering Vesuvius, and Naples and rugged Capri and Sorrento—place of beauty and delight—in the old way of the Roman, "Hail and Farewell."

BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.

ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

An Interesting Trip to the Silent City.

It was with many regrets we walked away from our hotel at Sorrento, down through the grove of oranges, lemons and limes, and the great rose trees full of bloom, to the stone gate-way leading into the village. Here we found waiting us four fine carriages, each drawn by a pair of magnificent horses, and the obsequious drivers bowing and smiling as we approached.

After tucking the Duchess and her friends safely within the carriages the courier and myself took our accustomed places upon the driver's box, the portier of the hotel bade us farewell with almost oriental genuflexions, the chattering populace of all ages, sizes and shades of Italian brown shouted a cheery good bye, or whined a doleful petition for alms, a crack of the long whip in the hands of the driver in the lead, and away we dashed through the narrow streets of one of the quaintest yet most beautiful places in the world. We were en route for Naples, by way of Pompeii and Herculaneum, a drive of twenty-two miles. It was a day fit for such a journey. The skies were blue as a baby's eyes—that light blue which becomes darker as the child grows up into the years—and becomes likewise darker in the skies as the day grows older. There was not a fleck of cloud in sight. Nothing to relieve the blue of ocean and sky save the green heights of Ischia and Capri, and the white sails of the fishing smacks.

As we got outside the village we began to climb the mountains over roads that can only be found in Italy. Cut out of the sides of mountains that are almost entirely rock, and day and night under the care of road walkers, they are level and smooth as a ball-room floor. They are almost white

in color, and make a beautiful effect as they go winding up the heights between the gray walls of the villas and the green of the groves of olives and limes which cover the mountains in all directions.

Now and then we cross stone bridges over ravines four and five hundred feet deep; bridges that were evidently Roman, and built in those early days when men seemed to labor as if they knew they were leaving monuments for the people of the centuries to wonder at and admire. The views we had were charming in the extreme. As we rose higher we could see odd little white villages nestling all about the mountains, while at the feet of the heights, lying against or upon mighty walls of rock, were the fishing villages, generally darker in their coloring than the mountain hamlets, perhaps because of the more direct action of the sea upon them. At times we stopped the carriages to allow our kodackers to take snap shots at peculiarly inviting scenes, and at other times that we might pluck the beautiful wild flowers of all colors that fairly rioted along our dusty way. Whenever a turn of the road brought us facing the sea Vesuvius loomed up on our left, sometimes belching forth great black volumes of smoke as if all the furnaces of Hades were venting themselves, and again barely emitting enough to let us know it was not yet at rest. The funicular railroad, which takes passengers almost to the crest of the volcano, could be seen winding around and about it, bringing to our minds the popular Italian song, "Up the Funicular," which has been dinned in our ears all over lower Italy, until "Annie Rooney" would be a blessed relief. The song deals with the story of a jolly, good fellow who staid out with the boys all night and tried to pacify his irate wife by telling her that he had gone up the railway with a friend and missed the last train back, having to remain on the crest all night.

Twelve miles of magnificent views, under the green and gold and purple of oranges, limes, olives and grapes; past

quaint churches and great monasteries and convents, and towards the last over level plains, rich with garden produce, where the irrigating ditches were being filled from wells with long circular sweeps to which women or asses were harnessed, and at last with mighty flourish of whips our coachmen drove us to the door of the Hotel Diomede, at the village of Pompeii, and hastily springing from the boxes, with hats in hand, beseech us to give them "Macaroni." This is the Italian for a gratuity. As they have been obliging in many ways during the drive we give them a handful of centissimi, five to the cent, and rush into the hotel to be dusted off, to get washed up and to order luncheon to be ready for us when we shall have got through our inspection of the resurrected city.

It is only a few steps from the hotel to the gateway leading into Pompeii, and here we pay two lire each, forty cents, and are passed through the turn-stile such as admits us to the exposition at Cincinnati. The men in charge are soldiers, for Pompeii is under the control of the state, and soldiers in full uniform are detailed to act as our guides. Placards all about the entrance give information that no gratuities are permitted to be offered to guides, but we give them just the same. This is the rule regarding government guides everywhere, as in the various palaces of the king of Italy, at Windsor, the residence of the queen of England; at the royal stables there, at Buckingham palace and the tower of London, as well as the vatican at Rome; but in all these places we tipped our guides, and found that we got more willing service and a vast deal more information than did those who lived up to the rule. On some English railroads it is advertised that any employe receiving a tip will be dismissed from service, but I shed shillings to the railway guards all over Great Britain, and many a time did the Duchess and I get a whole compartment to ourselves therefor. The guard would lock us in, and tell others who tried to enter that our compartment

was especially engaged. And then the Duchess and I chuckled cherily, lay all over the long seats, and appreciated fully the potency of a shilling when properly applied. The wealthiest man in our party made up his mind that he would give no tips on his trip, and a more disgusted man with foreign travel never breathed. He was nearly starved to death, had to carry his own baggage everywhere, saw no special sights, could seldom get a civil answer to a question, and returned home the most disgruntled man I ever saw. But I am off the track and must get back.

Pompeii was a Greek commercial city builded nearly five hundred years before Christ. It was subjugated by Rome and became a favorite resort of her nobles and emperors, having at the time of its greatest glory 25,000 inhabitants. It was peculiarly built, the lower stories of the houses being of concrete or brick, and the upper stories possibly of wood, for the latter have entirely disappeared, while the lower ones have all been found intact so far as the city has been excavated. The walls of Pompeii were one mile and a half around, and there were eight gates. Nearly all of the city has been uncovered save that portion farthest from the bay, evidently the section occupied by the poorer class or the slaves. The streets were principally but fourteen feet wide, paved with lava blocks in which great ruts are to be seen, evidently made by centuries of chariot riding. There are stepping stones and fountains at all the street corners. I imagine those ancient chariot drivers must have done some tall cussing in their time, for there is not a street in the city where two teams could possibly pass.

Pompeii was twice destroyed. In 63 A. D. it was entirely overthrown by an earthquake. It was immediately rebuilt for sixteen years of activity, and then Vesuvius belched forth its fury and the city was hidden for sixteen hundred and sixty-nine years. Most people speak of Pompeii as having been destroyed by the lava eruption from Vesuvius.

This is an error. Herculaneum, a few miles nearer the volcano, caught all the lava and was destroyed thereby, but Pompeii caught only the ashes, being buried under them twenty feet. This was in the year 79 A. D., and the excavations were not commenced till 1848, and they are still going on, under the direction of the Italian government.

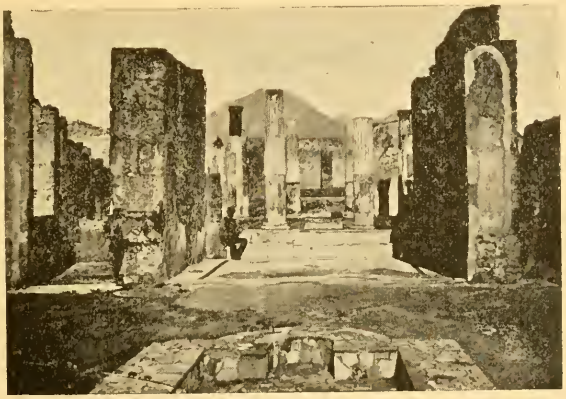
It is one of the most interesting places on earth. There was so little of it actually destroyed, (barely anything but the upper stories of the houses before referred to, and but few of the houses had more than the one floor), that one seems to feel that he is walking through a city from which the inhabitants have just fled, or have been entirely destroyed by an epidemic. The business signs still hang on the sides of the houses, or project out above the doors, and with no trouble whatever we find where the baker, the wine dealer, the dyer, the barber, the sculptor and the soap maker transacted their business. Here on the corner is a sign decidedly familiar, save only that it is in pure Latin: *Cave Canem*—Beware the dog. But here is one that exists no where else in the world. Were Pompeii and Herculaneum, like Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed for their sins? I cannot explain this sign, but it projects from the house of the woman "Whose footsteps take hold upon hell." There are several of these houses of sin here, and while the women are decoyed away to examine the plant of the soap factory the guide unlocks a door and lets the men into an old time den of debauchery. Its walls are the attraction. Some ancient artist, whose genius with the brush was as great as his mind was foul, has frescoed each room. A single glance is sufficient. Such licentious pictures can certainly have existence no where else on earth. But the coloring is marvelous, and the execution better than that of many of the old masters whose canvasses hang on palace walls, and over which the art world raves. These pictures were painted perhaps 2,000 years ago, and the tints are as fresh as though they were placed upon the walls

yesterday. Modern painters with all their delicacy and grace have never yet discovered the secret of making colors like the artists of these earlier days. In one house in Pompeii is a painting twenty feet wide of Acteon surprising Diana at the bath, and it is better in form, execution and coloring than nine-tenths of the canvasses that find royal place in the Louvre at Paris, which is supposed only to contain the work of masters, and where many of the canvasses are priceless. But we breathe freer when we have closed the doors of this palace of sin, and stand in the narrow street outside, still wondering upon that old time genius who could prostitute a gift from heaven to such vile purpose. What a story it would be, if if only it could be told, of the social and artistic life that throbbed and thrilled in this strange city before the ashes fell.

Pompeii, barring its narrow streets, was unquestionably a city of even royal magnificence. The temples of Venus, Augustus, Mercury, Isis, Adonis, the public granary, prison, custom house, barracks, town hall, academy of music, the basilica, the triumphal arch, and the beautiful Chalcidicum as well as many of the private residences were all nobly planned, and most artistically and beautifully decorated. On every private door step is still to be seen the Roman word for welcome —"*Salve*," and crossing the threshold we find that the reception room was really a great central court where fountains played, and on the walls of which artistic frescoes delighted the visitor. The floors were all of delicate mosaic in white and black marble, and while the soldier's backs were turned we proved ourselves Americans by picking out and pocketing these little dice that were pressed by the feet of haughty nobles and fair dames before the gentle Nazarene had started upon his mission. It is claimed that Americans are easily told in any part of the world by their habit of stealing everything in the way of souvenirs of historic interest they can get their hands on. At Genoa the letters of Columbus shown to tourists are photographic copies. This

is done because an American woman some years since, when the custodian's back was turned, tore off a part of one of the original letters and got safely away with it. I cannot help in this connection repeating the words of the Greek philosopher—"Bully for her."

One of the principal private houses of Pompeii is the House of the Tragic Poet. As we entered it we thought of the poet, and Nydia, the blind girl, and the last days of Pompeii, and Bulwer. The book and its writer have added interest for us now. And by the way this is one of the bless-



THE HOUSE OF THE TRAGIC POET.

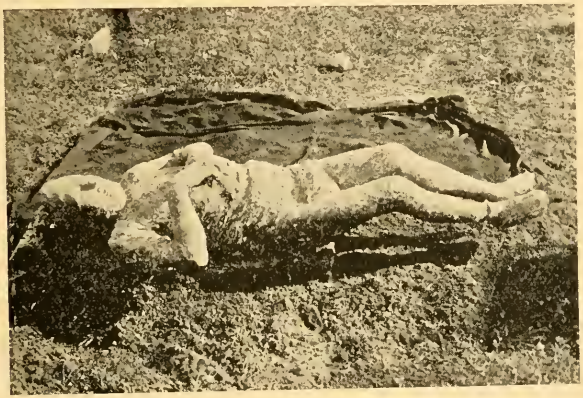
ings and benefits of travel ; it adds so much to the meaning of books. Agnes of Sorrento, and the Marble Faun, and Dr. Ruffini, and the Stones of Venice, and Casa Guidi Windows can all be reread, and new beauties discovered in them since we have taken this long journey, and the Lays of Ancient Rome can thrill us even more than of yore as each line brings back a spot on which we have stood in Rome.

In the Pompeian wine shops the counters still stand, and beneath them are the stone jars out of which the dealer served his customers with the vintage of the Italian hillsides.

The baker's shop still has the mill where the grain was ground, and the ovens in which the loaves were baked, ovens that are much like the outdoor ovens still seen in use in our own country villages of the Pennsylvania Dutch folk, and in the museum can be seen some of the loaves that were in these ovens that night so long since, when the ashes came and blotted the whole city from the sight of men, and these loaves are the exact size and shape of the ones baked today in Pompeii and served us at our hotel.

Most of the articles found at Pompeii are in the government museum at Naples. There were over two thousand lives lost in the catastrophe, but only a few bodies have been preserved. This is due to the fact that most of the formations in which they were found were destroyed by the excavators before it was understood what precious relics were enclosed in them. The discovery is said to have been made by one of the workmen who, concluding that the oddly shaped masses of hardened ashes had been formed about something of the olden time, and finding that they seemed to be at least partly hollow, bored holes in some of those discovered after the forming of those conclusions, and poured plaster within. This hardening, the outer crust was removed, and this brought to light the bodies that are today the most interesting of all the relics of Pompeii. The action of time had of course destroyed the fluids of the bodies, and the flesh had shriveled as in the case of mummies, but the bones remained nearly intact, and in the bodies at Pompeii and at Naples these can be seen in places where the plaster has broken off, while the teeth are exposed in the same way. So perfect has the work been done that the hair of one of the women is seen to be still in the shape she was wearing it at the time when she found so pitiable a fate. It may be interesting to add that the style is almost exactly similar to that of the Greek knot fashionable but recently. Most of the bodies are in the Naples museum, but four remaining at

Pompeii. One of these is that of a woman who was evidently approaching maternity, and the ladies of our party reading the whole sad story at a glance turned from the case with moistened cheeks, and were very quiet for a time. Their sympathy came a little late to be sure, but all honor to their womanly tenderness for all that. The contorted shapes of the bodies show how painful was the death of the unfortunate Pompeians. Most of them have their arms over their faces, as if they tried as long as possible to keep the burning ashes therefrom. Besides these bodies the museum contains



A POMPEIAN VICTIM.

various articles of household use, arms, implements of labor, and skeletons of horses, dogs and what seem to be pigs and chickens. In one case alongside of loaves of dread, baked nearly eighteen centuries ago is an ordinary everyday egg, that must have been laid about the time the baker was fashioning the loves. I tried to buy it, but failed. I wanted to present it to a certain hotel proprietor whose omelettes have always seemed to me to need the addition of at least a moderately fresh egg to make them palatable.

But we have thoroughly examined this strange, quiet city. We have gone up all the streets and down into all the baths, (for these people hated of fate were evidently cleaner than their livelier followers of today,) have seen the monuments in the Street of Tombs, and the house of pleasure in the Street of Abundance; we have sat in the great amphitheatre and tried to imagine what form of show they gave there when emperors were the theatrical managers, and nobles acted as scene shifters and supernumeraries; we have entered the tenantless house of Pansa, of Castor and Pollux and of Apollo, and there is a suspicious sensation in the front central part of my physical structure that speaks in no uncertain tone of the necessity of an adjournment to some spot more modern, where the inner man may have attention, and so off we go for luncheon at the worst hotel in the world. Modern Pompeii is a village consisting of two hotels and a blacksmith shop. Stop at either one of the hotels. It makes no possible difference. In an hour you will wish you had gone to the other one. I cannot tell just what our meal was like, as to do the subject full justice I should have to use language that might not be satisfactory to the deacons of the Presbyterian church, and as I have forgetfully allowed my yearly dues to fall behind I cannot afford to take my chances. But it was the only poor meal we got in Italy, and the service was execrable. Dirt reigned supreme in the house, on the table and in the victuals, but the price was rather low for the place, so that we lost more in appetite and temper than we did in cash. Before we could get away the proprietor tried to sell us relics from Pompeii, such as lamps, tableware, and articles of household use. Some he confessed were simply Manchester made imitations, and these were offered us at from twenty cents to a dollar each, but the genuine articles of like size and appearance were fifteen to fifty times as much. From all I could learn from the courier and those who are posted in the matter the only difference between the imitation and the

genuine Pompeii relics is that the latter were made in the iron works at Manchester, England a year or two before the imitation ones were turned out. You can pay your money and take your choice. As all of Pompeii is government property, and the excavating is done under the eye of the soldiers none of the articles found can get into private hands, but are placed at once in one or the other of the museums, or presented by the government to the museums of other countries.

Shortly after finishing our luncheon the Duchess had a fainting spell. On recovering from it one of the ladies of the party took a bottle of medicine from her satchel, and getting a glass poured a teaspoonful therein and asked me to get a little water to mix with it. I picked up a water caraffe from the table in the dining room and poured one tablespoonful into the glass containing the medicine. What was my astonishment to receive a call from one of the clerks of the hotel a few moments later, and a demand from him for ten centissimi for the tablespoonful of water. I was not feeling very well at that time myself, and the manner in which I turned upon him and in my choicest Italian told him to "go to Hades," was worth taking a long journey to witness. Strictly speaking I used the old version for Hades, and then fearing he might not entirely understand me I sent for the courier and had him translate it to the clerk. He at once left the room, but whether he started on the journey I recommended him to take I cannot say. If he gets there safely he may find the desired ten centissimi, but he did not get them from me.

At 3 o'clock we again got into the carriages and started for Naples. The road from Pompeii to Naples is entirely level, but full of interest.

It is 3 o'clock and Naples is fourteen miles away. The sun beats heavily down upon us, and the roads, needing rain for weeks, are dusty and disagreeable, but one must put up with minor discomforts if he would see the beauties and wonders of strange countries. So after telling the landlord of the Hotel Diomede that he can congratulate himself on keeping the dirtiest and meanest hotel in Europe, if not in the world, we take our seats in the carriage and are off at a good pace. For six miles or more we pass through a farming country like that on the other side of Pompeii, with women, donkeys and dogs sharing the task of irrigating the fields from the quaint wells that are scattered here and there over the farms, and then we begin to pass through streets of ancient cities that reach out from Naples for seven or eight miles, with no visible sign to tell that they are not parts of that city. There are half a dozen of these cities, some of them having 50,000 population. In each one is one or more old palaces, with the armorial bearings of the ancient owners still upon them, but most of them have been changed into theaters, tenement houses, or used for restaurants, and attached to wine gardens into which the old palace grounds have been transposed. Some of these buildings are of marble, and all of them are massive and imposing in appearance, but the people surrounding them, looking out of the windows, and passing by on the sidewalks detract considerably from the dignity of the ancient piles. As we have written before it seems that this part of Italy is inhabited by the meaner class of Italians, and certainly those we are passing now are for-

bidding enough in every sense. Dressed in rags, more familiar with dirt than with soap, they seem an ill-natured, vicious people. The men are lying in many of the doorways, on cellar doors, and even in the street, using the curb for a pillow, taking their afternoon siesta with the dogs and fleas. At last we pass through the city of Resina, one of the

LUCERNE AND MT. PILATUS.

largest of these suburban places, and are now on historic ground.

There seems to be more activity here than elsewhere in southern Italy. Iron foundries, car shops and other manufacturing establishments abound, and the gospel of labor seems to have made these people a little better looking, and God knows a good deal cleaner than their near neighbors. Macaroni factories we pass by the dozen, and the yellow pipe

stems are lying all over the pavements and in some instances half way across the streets, that the sun may put them into portable and shippable condition.

Just beyond Resina is Baia, the most magnificent of summer resorts in the time of Cicero, Augustus and Hadrian, and sung of by Horace. Here are numerous ruins of ancient temples, the villas of Julius Cæaer, Nero, and Hortensius, and a splendid Roman reservoir. Near by are the ruins of Cumae, founded by the Greeks 1050 B. C., which founded Naples, and gave the Sibylline books to Rome. Six centuries ago, it was annihilated by the Neapolitans as a den of pirates. Lake Avernus, with the fabled entrance into Hades, is on our left over toward Naples, and near Pozzuoli. In this place Sylla died, Hadrian was buried, and St. Paul sojourned for seven days. Nearly every square rod of land between Pompeii and Naples has attached to it such historic interest as the spots mentioned.

But Resina, through which we drive in this terrible afternoon sun, through or near these other places, is important to us because it is built upon the overwhelmed city of Herculaneum, destroyed by the lava at the time Pompeii was covered by the ashes of Mt. Somna, for it was this latter mount rather than Vesuvius that destroyed both places. The two peaks were of course part of the same great mountain, 4,000 feet high, situated in the plain of Campagna. After the eruption of 79 A. D., Mt. Somna concluded she had accomplished enough mischief and went to sleep, never more to wake. Her subterranean furnaces were shortly afterwards by some wondrous agency transferred to Vesuvius, and that old heathen has been keeping things warm ever since. There have been sixty eruptions since the transfer, entailing enormous loss of life and damage to property. In 1872 during an eruption a party of twenty people, who were watching the terrible scene, were all swept into eternity by a stream of lava that suddenly came down upon them.

The site of Herculaneum was accidentally discovered in 1719 by some men who were digging a well in Resina. The excavations since then have shown that Herculaneum lies from forty to ninety feet beneath the city. The covering of lava is so hard and the depth so great that little of the ancient city has been exposed, but that little shows that Herculaneum was a much richer place than Pompeii. A few

ST. MARK'S.—VENICE.

residences and shops, and an enormous theater are the only places to be seen. It is doubtful if the city will ever be entirely uncovered, as the property rights of the people of Resina stand in the way.

On our way here as we passed through the country we saw men, women, and in some cases cattle, on the level roofs of houses, moving around in a circle, the people dancing

and leaping, as we thought, for joy. We were mistaken, however, as this is the method in vogue here for thrashing and winnowing grain. It seemed rather strange to see even country roads furnished with the arc sytem of electric lights, and the people treading out their grain after the manner of the Egyptians thousands of years ago.

But the sun is setting, our stomachs, still revolting at Pompeian luncheon, prompt us to whip up our steeds, and after a four hour's drive we reach our hotel in Naples, where a good dinner and an excellent night's rest awaits us, and where at the hotel entrance we find the same smiling Italian peddler who offers us for the hundredth time a tortoise shell fine comb at our own price. But we had not yet felt the need of one, and he made no sale. A week later he could have cleared out his stock.

After a bountiful dinner to the accompaniment of a strolling band of singers and musicians, we passed a couple of hours on the public square, where a magnificent band belonging to the king is playing to a crowd of at least five thousand, in the great arcade, with its half mile of brilliantly lighted stores, and in the stores on the Toledo, or Via Roma, as they are trying to call it since the unification—the principal street of Naples. Here the ladies purchase kid gloves of the best quality at the rate of five lira and twenty-five centissimi for three pairs; equal to gloves that cost a dollar and a half at home. The minister's wife exclaims: "If I thought I could get them through the customs at New York I would purchase a hundred pair." We are very little troubled by the customs authorities here, but we are all dreading the examination at New York. It is understood that a lady is allowed two dozen pair, lacking one, without duty, and each member of the party has at least that number to remember Paris, and the other cities by. We also lay in our usual stock of photographs, and go to the jewelers for our souvenir spoons. The Duchess has determined to have the finest

collection of these handsome baubles that can be found and the chances are that she will succeed. She has never failed in anything since I knew her, and I glory in her grit. The spoons are purchased at last, and with our pockets full of souvenirs we go back down the Toledo, along the foul, illsmelling bay front, under the frowning St. Elmo, and are soon sleeping the sleep of the tired and just.

MILAN CATHEDRAL

We awake on a beautiful Sabbath morning. I have searched the markets over for the berries without which breakfast is a poor meal to me, and finishing these, the carriages are at the door and we are off for a hot ride of nearly 400 miles for Florence, by way of Rome. Before leaving the Eternal city we had the forethought to contract with the proprietor of the depot restaurant to have luncheon ready

for our party on the arrival of the north bound train, and at 1 o'clock we entered the magnificent station of Rome and find an excellent meal already smoking on the table, with a bottle of wine at each plate. After much talk in Italian, French, German and English, and a combination of all four tongues, we make the proprietor understand that we are all total abstainers, and although he has never before seen so many people at his tables who drank only water, he courteously offers us seltzer, mineral waters or lemonade in exchange for the wine, and we are content. A hot and dusty ride of five hours follows, and at last we are at Florence, and in the Hotel Washington, on the Lung Arno, or way of the river Arno, and anxiously await the morrow and the rare sights it has in store for us.

Florentia, the Beautiful.

FIRENZI, Giugno 28, 1891.

That's the way they spell it down in this country. I don't think they know much about spelling here, do you? I should spell it thus: Florence, June 28th. But then there's no accounting for tastes, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. This is a great country, if they can't spell in the good old United States fashion. But it is a country that must face the future. Its past has been great only in art. Its present is great only in what nature and art have done for it. The future must deal with the people and lift them up to higher things than are found in their life of the present. Torn with internal wars for centuries, a state whose every county fought for supremacy, it is only since 1871 that the union under Victor Emanuel has been trying to straighten out the twisted threads. Since the days of the Ghents and Ghibbelines (and for all I know long before), the different parts of Italy have been at war, Tuscany and Napoli and Rome, and Venetia, and God knows how many other divisions, all wanting to rule, and the dear old Pope claiming everything in sight. But the world moves, as Galileo Galilei, of this same city, said of the earth, within a stone's throw of where I write this, after he made his recantation; and the nineteenth century and Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi and the fates triumphed, and Italy is a whole, not a mass of warring particles; and the Pope of today, is a prisoner in the Vatican, never having been out of it since his election. There is now a future for Italy, but I cannot say it is near. Tomorrow is a future time, but there can be a tomorrow of

tomorrows, and as we said in our school days, "tomorrow never comes." Italy's tomorrow will come, but when? Ask the fates.

Italy once priest ridden, is now ridden by the tax-gatherer, and he rides early and late. Every ounce of wheat or corn, or bread, every gill of wine, every pound of stone, every wisp of hay, every measure of fruit must pay tribute at the gates of each city. The peasant who sells a hen, must square matters at the town wall with the custom officer, and as the Duchess and I drive back from the heights without,

THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

said officer inspects our carriage, lest perchance we have brought a mouthful of food into the city that may escape the tax. Have you a house for rent or a room? Write out a simple notice to that effect and put it on the wall or in the window, but first of all you must affix a two-cent stamp. Are you selling goods? In the window of your store you may put the price on the article exposed, but if you want to say that the neckties are reduced, or the dress goods are the latest fashions, or the gloves are best kid, then it will cost you two cents for each explanation.

It is little wonder that every Italian city is as full of beggars as Valambrosa's shades are said to be of leaves, and by the way Valambrosa is but eighteen miles from here.

Italy is the only country in the world where the poor live in palaces. The old nobles have been impoverished warring against their fellows; the newer blood is faster than the old and has got fevered with the day's vices, and money must be had for the needs of the hour. So the halls that have echoed to kingly tread and the caroling of queens, are the play ground of ragged, dirty, bambinos (babies), and their parents eat, drink, fight, live and die, in rooms that still show through their grime the frescoes of masters, in houses that were designed by men whose names will never die.

Outside every church in Italy beggars abound; they push aside the silken or leather hangings of the door that you may enter, and expect cinque centessime—one cent. And the church within has untold wealth of gold, silver, sculpturing and paintings, to say nothing of saints whose carven forms and shrines are studded with jewels. I will swear that on this Sunday in four buildings I have seen enough wealth thus applied to purposes of decoration to support in comfort Italy's entire population for a generation. Among which are Venus de Medici, the Wrestlers, the Hermorphrodite, Perseus, Hercules, Judith, Rape of the Sabines, and a dozen other pieces of sculpture that are world famous, and a thousand others that money cannot buy. Raphael's Madonna of the Chair, most beautiful of all the Madonnas, Murillo's Holy Family, Carlo Dolci's Magdalen, sweetest face of all the women of artists' fancies, Rubens and Raphaels, and Correggios and VanDykes and Velasquezs by the score, Ghiberti's bronze doors of white metal, of which Michael Angelo said they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise; Giotto's Campanile, the most beautiful bell-tower in the world, and Michael Angelo's Pieta—his last work, not quite finished, and his Twilight and Dawn, and Day and Night, (not quite

finished, and no one has ever dared to attempt their completion,) and the tombs of the Medicis in a chapel that cost $4,400,000 several hundred years ago, and tables of Mosaic that cost $400,000 each. Think of all these things seen in a single day and they only a part so small as to be hardly expressed of all that the day and the city has held for us, and then think of meeting a beggar at every dozen steps. Put the

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR.

two together and Italy is before you, a land of rarest beauty of nature, of absolutely incomputable wealth of art, of mighty men in every walk of life, of fairest skies that ever lover's eyes looked up to, of lakes and rivers to dream of, and history that goes back to a time when a world's Redeemer was hidden in the unknown purposes of God; a land where palaces rise on every hand, and churches dot each square mile, rich in their furnishings as the dream of avarice, yet

want is everywhere obtrusive, and the tourist sheds pennies at every step, or feels himself untrue to his hitherto firmly expressed belief in the universal brotherhood of man.

But let it be known this poverty is not of the hopeless kind. If the night is dark, the coming day will be fair. Refuse a whining suppliant, and unless he be one of the many half imbeciles one sees too often, he will exchange his whine for a laugh, and his long drawn face for a shortened, merry one, and hope for better luck the next carriage he assails. The Italians in their poverty remind me more of our Southern negro. The tomorrow holds the solution of all their difficulties and they do not worry about the future.

But there is a bright side, even to this picture of woe. With all their poverty, the Italians are neither drunken nor given to immorality. They all drink; wine shops outnumber all others, but it is a pony of cognac, and a cup of black coffee, or a glass of marsola, or a dash of vermouth in a pint of seltzer, and the wife or the sweetheart is alongside, and there is a roll or a bun to eat, and much conversation, and three cents is all it costs. I have not seen a real drunken fellow in Italy. The street walker is unknown, and I have yet to see girl or woman respond to a stranger's glance, or look back at a passing man. Illegitimacy is not so great as in austere Scotland.

These latter remarks do not apply to Naples, but it must be understood that in Naplesone finds a different people with different customs and almost a distinct language. It is in Naples and south of it that the vendetta and the Mafia have existence—there and in Corsica, and Italy must not be judged by Neapolitans and Corsicans. The lowest class we have seen anywhere was in Naples, and there one can hardly take a single step without being assailed by a women or her tout, a seller of obscene goods, or a peddler whose persistence is only equalled by his dishonesty. I am writing now of the lower class—the better class of Neapolitans are equal to the better

class elsewhere, but the poorer people are as distinct from the poorer people of northern Italy as though they did not dwell on the same continent.

The Italian men are comparatively small, but many of them good looking, while the women are full sized, magnificently formed and we believe a greater percentage of them handsomer than can be found in any other country. Their eyes and their complexions are their chief charms. Like all dwellers in warm countries the women age rapidly, and a girl of 14 has the face of a women of 20. Take it all in all, Italy is the finest land we have seen, the most interesting in its scenery, its palaces and churches, and in its art, incomparable. We will dream of this land in days and nights to come, and long to revisit it. As I close this letter, sitting by my window overlooking the Lung Arno, or way of the river, the scene is one of rare interest. The setting sun is gilding the west, the river is burnished as by some wondrous polisher of copper, the walk is lined with pedestrians, the roadway is thronged with vehicles returning with their occcupants from the races, which opened at 4 this afternoon. A prince has just passed and every hat is off. His drivers and footmen are rich in red livery; an army notable shines in gold trappings, while the prince is dressed as plainly as myself. A pleasant looking fellow—I wonder what he thinks of the future? These be troublous times for those who play at royalty. Priests in their gowns, soldiers in blue and soldiers in white, brothers of the monastery in brown, and women in all the colors of the rainbow, are passing in a procession that seems endless. I shall let this suffice for the present and go and mingle with the crowd. If you see my mother-in-law or our hired girl, tell them to keep the coffee pot on and have some cold baked beans on hand. When we get home we're going to kiss the family all around, hug the cat and then make a break for the pantry. Just now we would rather see a good square Butler County meal than another palace, or something painted by Raphael, or carved by Michael Angelo.

THE CHAMPS ELYSEE, PARIS.

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—PARIS

Another Letter from the City of Flowers.

The atmosphere of Florence is historic, artistic and romantic as no other city in Italy. The very name of it brings to one's mind Savonarola, Romola and Dante, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, Galileo, Boccaccio, Leonardo deVinci, and Benvenuto Cellini, the wonderful worker in metals, for these latter seven were born here, and the whole city is covered with priceless specimens of the work of the artists of the group.

The central spot and general gathering place of Florence is the Piazza del Gran Ducca, and here rises the Pallazzo Vecchio, a massive building with great projecting battlements and a tall medieval watch-tower over three hundred and fifty feet high, rising at one corner. In its square is an equestrian statue of Cosimo I, and the Fountain of Neptune, with the god in his car drawn by sea-horses, with sea-gods, nymphs and tritons sporting about in the basin. This fountain stands on the spot of Savonarola's martyrdom, for here that priest, patriot and prophet, and would-be civil ruler of his country, was hanged and burned, together with his co-adjutors, Fra Domenicho and Fra Salvestro. Today the bust of Saronarola is seen everywhere, and his monument is almost a shrine. Such is the fate of those who dare to step ahead of the masses. There was a time when this priest could have led all Tuscany against the world; he was easily the greatest Florentine, even when the Medicis were most powerful; his appearance on the streets was the signal for an ovation. There were times when Savonarola preaching against extravagance and pleading for primitive simplicity, had himself almost hidden in the pile of jewels, ornaments,

paintings, rare books and statues that the nobility and people threw at his feet to be burned. Strangely given to prophesying—more strangely yet, his prophesies nearly always came true. But the reaction came. Perhaps the people—Florentines have always been politically fickle—hankered for the flesh-pots once more, and its great priest who, whatever his faults, had never enriched himself at the expense of his followers, living always in the simplest manner, was accused of treason against the Pope, people, or perhaps against the Medicis, and so they built the gallows and the funeral pyre, and on the 23rd of May, 1498, as great and pure a soul as the Catholic Church ever had in its fold, slipped through the smoke of the cruel fire to its maker.

This public square which witnessed the martyrdom of the priests is a rarely interesting spot to visit, especially in the early evening. All classes of Florentines make this their meeting point, and a grander place for the gathering of friends does not exist. On one side is the Loggia dei Lanza, a grand arcade looking like a house with two lower stories set far back, and this forming a great arched portico. This is where one waits for his friend or looks out into its square at the people and vehicles crowded together. The portico has a wondrous wealth of art in it. Here is Cellini's colossal statue of Perseus, with the head of Medusa, perhaps the finest treatment of the subject known to the art world; a magnificent marble group—the Rape of the Sabines, Hercules slaying a centaur, Judith slaying Holofernes, and the dying Ajax. Also six colossal female statues, and a pair of magnificent lions.

This oddly placed collection of master-pieces has held our attention for an hour as we are on our way to perhaps the richest collection of art in the world, that of the Uffizi gallery, the collection of the Medici family, and the added wealth of the Pitti Palace, connected with the Uffizi gallery by a private bridge over the river Arno, the bridge being a great gallery 1602 feet long lined with portraits.

The Uffizi Palace is of necessity, an immense building, for in addition to its many rooms of paintings and sculptures, it contains the national library, with 200,000 volumes and 14,000 manuscripts, among the latter being 300 volumes of the letters and papers of Galileo. Of the art wonders of the Uffizi gallery it is impossible to write anything like a full account in letters like these. A good sized volume could be filled with the simple titles of the works displayed. Suffice it to say that there are examples of almost every painter or sculpter of note, and many of the masterpieces of the kings of art. Of the twenty-five rooms filled with wonders, the Tribune room will give an idea of the total. Here stands the Venus de Medici—the finest work of antique art in the world. It was found in the sixteenth century on the site of Adrian's villa at Tivoli. The grace of attitude, the beauty of the face, as well as its pure expression, and the perfect symmetry of the figure, are faultless. This is one of the works of art that cannot be understood or appreciated in a single visit. As Roger's says,

> "We must return, and once more give a loose
> To the delighted spirit—worshipping,
> In her small temple of rich workmanship,
> Venus herself, who when she left the skies,
> Came hither."

For the sake of the ladies who may be interested in the old Greek idea as to what size of woman made the ideally perfect form, I would say that the Venus is just five feet, two inches high, and evidently had never worn a corset. Near the Venus stands the young Apollo, of the school of Praxiteles, its neighbor, the Venus, being attributed to Cleomenes. Opposite this is the Wrestlers, a wonderful anatomical study where the straining sinews and swelling muscles show as perfectly as though each figure was that of a living man engaged in a life and death struggle. One of the most perfect statues in the world now enchains the attention. It is that of the

Slave who, while sharpening a knife, overhears the conspirators. It is hard to believe that in a moment he will not step out of the stone into which he has been turned by the terrible purpose of the men he has accidently overheard, and rush to his master with the story. The Dancing Faun is the other sculptural masterpiece of the Tribune. This has been restored by Michael Angelo, but is not as fine a piece of work as the Faun at Rome, which gave Hawthorne his idea for his marvelous story.

On the walls of this wonderful room hang forty paintings, and while all are masterpieces of great artists, the bulk of the forty are the work of Titian, Guido Reni, Vandyke, Raphael, Domenichino, (whose Last Confession of St. Jerome, in the Vatican is the second greatest painting in the world, Raphael's Transfiguration of Christ, standing opposite, being easily the first,) Correggio, Perugino, Fra Bartolommeo, Carracci, Paul Veronese, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Durer, VanLeyden and Guercino. As will be noticed the paintings are of all schools and ages, and hung without any attempt at arrangement, but a day in this one room is all too short for the proper enjoyment of the feast offered.

The Uffizi Palace is entirely filled with paintings and sculptures in addition to the national library mentioned above. In one room stands the "Mater Dolorosa of ancient art"—the great group of Niobe and her children, discovered near the gate of St Paul (Porta S. Paola), Rome, in 1583. Shelley said of this statue: "This figure of Niobe is probably the most consummate personification of loveliness with regard to its countenance, as that of Apollo of the Vatican is with regard to its entire form, that remains to us of Greek antiquity." The entire work seems to bring the fable into life and action before you. One such piece of art is enough to make a nation wealthy.

In the Pitti Palace, in addition to its rare collection of statues and paintings, there are rooms filled with works of

art of all the ancient peoples; Etruscan and Egyptian vases, etc., rare carvings and cabinets, and the finest examples of Florentine mosaic work in the world. One table, about the size of the one on which this letter is written, occupied many men for fourteen years, and is said to have cost $600,000.

The Pitti Palace, in addition to being a great art gallery, is one of the many homes of the Emperor, perhaps in all the finest palace he possesses. To describe the decorations and furnishings of the various rooms would be impossible, but as we visited nearly all of the Emperor's palaces, we are ready to admit that this one would be entirely satisfactory to the Duchess and myself, if Umberto thinks of giving us a palace. It is said that the head that wears the crown lies uneasy, but I'll swear it isn't the fault of the beds or the bedding, for such silks and laces, and softness of pillow and couch were a revelation to us. It was all the courier could do to keep me from taking a snooze in one of the beds covered with gold and jewels, and upholstered in laces and yellow silk. It beats anything in the St. Charles Hotel—and that's saying a good deal.

But do you know that the Duchess and I are really getting tired of art galleries and palaces? Just as one can get a surfeit of apple dumplings and good old American pumpkin pie, so the eye can get satiated with beauty. In all America there is nothing to approach one of these galleries or palaces, in richness. Take our museums of art. They are invariably bare, whitewashed walls, on which paintings are hung in more or less good taste. Here the rooms are works of art, even if no canvass were on the walls. The ceilings are wonders in carving, frescoing and golden decoration, and the walls are all covered with richness, even behind the huge canvasses. It was in Florence that Mark Twain got mad and killed a beggar, because, as he said, he was so exasperated at the idea of their begging tourists for centessimis where they had only to break into the tomb of the Medicis or one of

these great palaces, and steal enough to surround them with luxury for life. And it does seem as if Italy in acquiring its incalculable wealth of art and palaces and churches, must have mortgaged the future welfare of its people for centuries. Poverty everywhere and riches unspeakable as omnipresent.

Of the churches of Florence I shall write nothing—much. Churches are getting to be a drug on the market with us. Florence has even more than its share of great ones. The Pantheon of Florence is the church of San Croce,

CHURCH OF SAN CROCE.

most striking in appearance because of its facade, or front, of black and white marble, alternating in stripes. This church has many fine frescoes by Giotto, but they were only discovered lately, as during the early troubles in Florence, some priest fearing their destruction, entirely covered them with whitewash, and forgot to leave any mention of the fact in his papers when he was promoted to the church above. Here are the magnificent tombs of Galileo, Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Raphael Lanzi, Cherubini, Foscolo, and monuments to Dante and Alfieri. Of this church Byron wrote:

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes:
Here Machiavelli's earth, return'd to whence it rose."

The principal church of the city is the cathedral of Sta. Maria del Fiore—St. Mary of the Lily—this flower being the standard of Florence. The church was begun in 1298 by Combio, who was instructed to build "the loftiest, most sumptuous edifice that human invention could devise, or human labor execute." Of course he died before he finished the job. These great Italian churches take centuries to finish, and many of them commenced as far back as this one are not yet completed. This church is by no means up to the orders given the architect, but it is nevertheless one of the greatest churches in the world. Its front is not worthy the edifice—it being a poor piece of modern work—Giotto's facade, on which many of the best sculptors of the time were employed between 1575 and 1587. The church is striking in appearance, because of the precious and vari-colored marbles with which its exterior is encrusted, but the inside is bare and chilling. But the Florentines take pride in the fact that the cupola is the largest in the world—which is the truth—it being greater than that of St. Peter's at Rome, but the church being so much smaller than St. Peter's, the effect is not so great. It was this cupola that gave Angelo the idea for the one on St. Peter's, and making the proportions of church and dome perfect, he was enabled to give Rome the ecclesiastical wonder of the world.

Alongside the cathedral is Giotto's Campanile or bell-tower, the most beautiful one on earth. Ruskin says that, "The characteristics of power and beauty occur more or less

in different buildings, some in one and some in another. But all together, and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto." This bell-tower is 42 feet square, and 269 feet high, and was begun in 1334. It is four stories of pure marble and covered with most intricate and delicate tracery, and enriched with numerous statues. Standing alongside the Duomo, or cathedral, and opposite the beautiful Baptistery, it helps to make the square one of the noblest in the world. The Baptistery is a smaller circular building, coated with marble, and richly decorated within and without. Its date is uncertain, and it is believed to have been once a temple of Mars. Its greatest beauties are the south gates of bronze, executed in 1330 by Andrea Pisano, representing scenes in the life of John the Baptist; the northern gates by Ghiberti in 1401, and the eastern gates of the same artist, executed in 1446 to 1456. It was these eastern gates that caused Michael Angelo to say, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise." Their equal in beauty does not exist.

But enough has been said of the great buildings. Outside of these churches and palaces Florence seems to be in its general architecture one of the most modern Italian cities, yet it was founded by the Romans before Christ, and has had a rough and eventful history. It was ravaged by the barbarians, but rose again, and in 1100 was one of the greatest commercial cities of the old world. Civil conflicts and foreign wars were carried on for centuries, and in 1434 the Medici family took hold of the city, and, in fact, of all Tuscany, and ruled with an iron hand till 1737, when the Medici blood seems to have entirely run out. The duke of the house of Lorraine then came to the front holding sway until 1860, when the unification of Italy took place. From 1864 to 1870 Florence was the capital of the new nation. The city stands in a narrow plain, partly surrounded by the Appenines and

their foot hills, and cut in two by the river Arno. Across the river from the main part of the city we drove through magnificent streets and past almost royal private residences to the Piazza Michael Angelo, a great square, marble paved, on an immense height from which the whole surrounding country can be seen, with the city spread out at one's feet. Opposite, a few miles away, on the foot hill stands the fast dying city of Fiesole, once a great place in Italian history, having in the midst of its decaying edifices a magnificent cathedral and palace. It was to Fiesole that Cataline fled from Rome after his conspiracy. History, possibly apocryphal, says that Attila once destroyed Florence and rebuilt Fiesole. Dante speaks of the latter place as the cradle of Florence. In another direction we look up to the valley and fourteen miles away fancy we see Valambrosa—from where we get the frequently used expression, "As thick as leaves in Valambrosa's shades."

Along the river lies the public park, the Cascine—three miles in length, and perhaps a quarter of a mile in width, and made beautiful by a combination of nature and art. On the Sunday we were in Florence the annual races came off in the race grounds near the Cascine, and over 100,000 people attended them, yet there was no disturbance whatever. Seated in our rooms at the hotel on the banks of the Arno, the Duchess and I watched the people returning from the races. All manner of vehicles had been called into requisition, from the magnificent turnout of some prince of an old family to the donkey cart of the peddler, and prince and peasant, priest and pauper rode side by side, quietly and decorously, as if race going on the Sabbath were as much a part of the duty of living as church going.

Much of the pleasure of a visit to Florence lies in visiting the stores and shops. No finer ones are to be found in any city, and the number of places where mosaics, paintings and statues are on sale is legion. The beauty of the modern

sculptures offered to tourists is beyond any power to express. Store after store is filled with pieces each of which seems to be the work of a master, yet the prices range from $20 to $100 for full sized specimens of the finest Carrara marble. Some of the statues of children are as beautiful as anything seen in our great expositions at home, and $30 will purchase a piece that any American sculptor would charge a thousand dollars for. This is due perhaps to the fact that most of them are replicas or duplicates, and are the work of ordinary employees under the master's eye. But they all are as perfect as though it was a Powers or an Ezekiel from whose studio they came. Florence was for thirty years the home of Hiram Powers, and his son still lives here—a Florentine of Florentines, but an American to the heart's core for all that.

The Florentine mosaic work is another attraction for the tourist. This is a delicate inset of various colored stones in a black stone background, and is of all sizes, from small ovals for earrings and broaches to table tops and pieces that are copies of the great paintings of the world. There are whole streets given up to the making and selling of this work. For one or two lires, twenty or forty cents, we can get a small pin or a paper weight, but the work is coarse. But the finer pieces are so perfectly executed as to compel the use of a magnifying glass to discern that the design is really mosaic work and not painting upon a black background. This work costs several dollars for a small breastpin, up to thousands of dollars for the larger pieces. Of course the Duchess and I invested in these beautiful things, as did the rest of our party, and after examining each others purchases in the comfortable sitting rooms of our hotel, we all fell to worrying, as usual, as to how we were going to get all our souvenirs through the custom house at New York. We have become callous to the danger of such examinations in these countries, because we have learned the power of small pieces of silver judiciously applied; but we fear the ordeal at home. The

jewelry stores and shops for the sale of photographs of places of interest, also occupy our attention for hours, and at the same time compel us to visit the banks pretty frequently for advances on our letters of credit and cash on our cheque book checks. But Europe isn't visited every year, and these bits of mosaic and quaint pieces of jewelry and souvenir spoons and photographs will have interest for ourselves and friends in the years to come.

But I must close this letter, it is too long already, and I have treated Florence in a very sober manner. This could not be helped, for Florence with its wealth of beauty impresses one so; its story is one with more shadows than lights all along the centuries. One cannot help but think of Savonarola and his martyrdom, of Galileo and his thirty years of rest in unconsecrated ground without the city, before they brought his sacred dust with all manner of pomp and display to the cool and quiet of San Croce. The story of Romola and the rythm of Casa Guidi Windows steal in upon one's mind, and he thinks of the flowered walks in the Protestant cemetery where the poetess rests in the earth of her beloved Italy—she whose song had much to do with making it free—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Near her Theodore Parker and Arthur Clough, and that great master of fine English, Walter Savage Landor, sleep the last sleep, and all these things have their influence, and we must write of Florence, rich in art and architecture, the beauties of nature and of man, and of memories that touch the sober side of thought in quiet and reverential mood. Even Mark Twain in his Innocents Abroad dealt more soberly with Florence than with most of the cities he visited on that memorable trip. If the Lord shall permit the Duchess and I to cross the waters again, much of our time shall be spent in Florentia—city of flowers and flower of cities. And thus we bid farewell for the present, and look ahead to the journey of the morrow, which we shall break for a night's rest at Bologna, and then

on to the city of dreams since first we began to read of the great world and its wonders—Venice—the Bride of the Adriatic.

OUR HOTEL AT VENICE.

Mr. Beauchamp's travels in Switzerland, Germany, Ireland, Belgium, and his second trip to France and England, will appear in a subsequent volume.

Lou J. Beauchamp.

During the last few weeks the citizens of Dayton, Ohio, have had the pleasure of listening to a number of addresses from Mr. Lou J. Beauchamp, of Hamilton, Ohio. He was here under the auspices of the Ministerial Association of this

LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.

city, to awaken an interest on the subject of "good citizenship." As our young people's societies elsewhere may want something on this phase of their work, we present a picture of Mr. Beauchamp and a brief sketch of his life.

He was born in Cincinnati, January 14, 1851. His earlier life was spent on steamboats on the river and in the Arkansas country. His schooldays ended when about fourteen years of age. He learned the printing business in Hamilton, Ohio, and worked on the same paper with which W. D. Howells and Lewis Campbell were once connected. After three years he came to Dayton, and worked on a paper controlled by Mr. Vallandigham. He spent about fifteen years in connection with newspaper work.

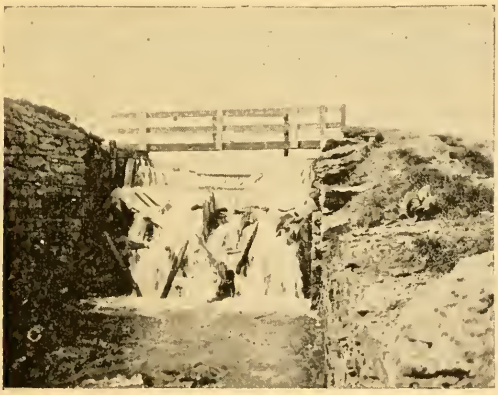
This kind of schooling was not good for a boy's morals. The associations of this kind of life led him to drinking, and he indulged very freely. He was sober but little of the time. His life became so reckless that when about twenty-three years of age he attempted suicide. He had lost his place through drink, did not want to go home, and thought a pistol-ball would end his troubles. He still carries that ball within him, as a memento of his folly. Twice he sought to take his life with poison. But God had a work for him to do.

He was caught by a reform movement and converted to Christ. Now and then an invitation came to him to make an address on temperance. He consented, and developed remarkable power. In America, Canada, Nova Scotia, England, and Scotland he has spoken over 5,000 times. During the eighteen years he has been at work he has induced over 400,000 persons to sign the total-abstinence pledge. He spoke on forty-seven continuous nights in San Jose, Cal., and the audiences increased everywhere.

The liquor power have found in him a foeman worthy of their steel, and they would like to have him out of the way. Three times have attempts been made on his life. Once, at Greenville, Alabama, a mob of forty or more, led by the mayor, who was a saloon-keeper, attacked him in the early morning, as he was about to take the train. The glare of the headlight as the train pulled in helped to save his life. He knew the matter would get into the papers, and at the

first opportunity he sent a telegram to his wife, assuring her of his safety; and the plucky little woman answered back, "Trust in God, increase your life insurance, and hit them harder than ever."

Mr. Beauchamp is always at work. He is having calls from all parts of the country, and more than he can fill. His newspaper experience gave him a good knowledge of human nature, with a warm heart for the victims of strong drink, for he was at one time one of them. He knows how to go after these unfortunates and to bring them back into a better life. At the same time he deals frankly and plainly with the cold-hearted church-member who is willing to sacrifice his fellow-countryman and the cause of Christ that his party may be kept in power. He is an earnest, able, effective speaker, possessing a keen intellectual perception and a warm, Christian heart. He is preaching the true gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and we wish him a still more abundant success. —*Rev. H. A. Thompson, in "Children's Friend."*



The Town of Babyville.

It's the dearest town, the fairest town, the prettiest town to me,
Of all the towns in all the lands, this side or cross the sea;
It's sunshine there, and moonshine there, and starshine all the time,
And it's never cold, and none get old, in it's lovely summer clime;
There's never a ghost or a goblin there, and sin was never known,
And no one ever had a pain, or heard a neighbor groan,
And the birds sing always, night and day, in fact they're never still,
In this airy, fairy, darling place, the Town of Babyville.

The stores are full of sweetmeats, and they're sold for just a song,
The hobby-horses in the streets are free the whole day long;
The band plays every afternoon, there's fire-works every night,
And all the babies toddle out to see the glorious sight.
You kiss them as you meet them, and they kiss you when you go,
And clap their hands, and laugh with glee, to see you at their show;
The doctor died last summer, and is resting o'er the hill,
For none get sick, they haven't time, in the Town of Babyville.

The houses are of gingerbread, the fences are of cake;
The river's full of lemonade, and a big panada lake;
You eat whenever hungry, and you drink whenever dry,
And pay your board in kisses,—that surely isn't high;
But if you want to live there you have to pay a toll.
Some pay it very readily, some can't, to save their soul;
It's not in gold or silver, nor yet a paper bill,
It's just to bring a baby to the Town of Babyville.

You can live with us forever, if a baby comes along,
We want another sunny face, another voice in song,
For we all sing in our village, from the book of Mother Goose,
And it takes a babe to teach you how to let your voice out loose;
So if you think of coming, just send your name along,
And tell us when the baby came, and if it's well and strong,
And tell us when to meet you, we'll be waiting by the mill,
And the band will play you welcome to the Town of Babyville.

God bless us all, and keep us, what heavy hearts there'd be
If all these little darlings should be lost to you and me;
There would never be a sunny day in all the wide, wide land,
And all the skies above us, with clouds could but be spanned;
But God is good, stop worrying, and join me in a song,
Here's love, and life, and sunshine to the babies, weak and strong,
Let's cuddle down beside them, and rest content, until
God calls us all to Heaven, from the Town of Babyville.

A Strange Career.

HOW LOU BEAUCHAMP'S WIFE SAVED HIM FROM A DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

Below we give an excerpt from the Youngstown (Ohio) News-Register, concerning Lou J. Beauchamp. It was written by an attache of that paper who has been familiar with Lou's life from his earliest days. For years past Mr. Beauchamp has been on the temperance platform, and no man stands higher in the work. As a speaker he is full of that subtle magnetism that takes hold upon an audience, compelling attention from first to last. His logic and argument is presented in the shape of illustrations that fasten themselves upon the mind, while his wit and humor is bright and sparkling. So popular is he as a speaker, that in many cities he has spoken as often as fifty times during the past few years, always drawing immense audiences and winning men by hundreds from their cups, and the citizens generally to the support of the work. He is the author of several popular books, "Sunshine" being the best known, it having an immense sale in every State of the Union. His home at Hamilton, O., is a veritable haven of rest for Lou and his family and friends, and is filled with fine paintings, pictures and articles of beauty gathered from the whole world. His library numbers nearly 2,000 volumes of the best literature, and whenever Lou is at home he is to be found among his books and pictures, with his wife and son Earl beside him.

Lou J. Beauchamp, one of the visiting delegates of the Grand Temple of Honor, has had a remarkable history. His

father was one of the most skillful physicians in Southern Ohio. Lou grew up in the little town of Hamilton as the son of a prosperous and respected citizen. His early advantages were the best that could be secured. He was admired and respected by every one. No social gathering was complete without him. He was a natural born elocutionist, and to cultivate these talents was the delight of his soul. His ability as a writer was unsurpassed, and for years during his early life he was the spirit of the old Butler county democrats. Before his thoughts had crystalized into the beauty which was promised he became intemperate. His life led him into temptation, and his decline was rapid. In a few years he became a sot, an outcast. Alcohol and opium were about his only food for months, and his bed was the gutter. The people of Hamilton who had once respected and admired him, now pitied him as he went about the streets begging for whisky. And he was then but 25 years old. The druggist, unable to endure the spectacle of his sufferings, was accustomed to give him drugs to relieve him. Poor Lou Beauchamp was the town character. Yet in his wildest moments his talent never forsook him. His pen was as easy and his voice as flexible then as when he was in his pure and better days before the trouble came. His elocutionary powers, when under the use of stimulants, were awful. The writer of this has heard him years ago recite the "Rum Maniac" when the poor fellow was himself a rum maniac, and his very blood would stop its flow at the effect of these words.

In spite of his degraded condition every boy in the town looked up to him as a man who was in the awful thrall of a merciless tyrant, and the good mothers taught their sons to mention Lou's name in their evening orisons. The hope in every breast was that he might soon be released.

One day the determination came to him. He would be a better man. He would live a better life. He would regain his former position in the city. But who would help him?

A young women of the place, the daughter of a thrifty citizen, with a noble heart and a wise head was the one. She married the poor outcast. People were shocked at her foolishness, as they called it then. It is easy to recall the sentiments of the people for the few days following the announcement. It become evident at once that Lou was in earnest. He was actually sober. He had been so for two days, three days, a whole week. He was pleasant too, and kind. He held his head up like a man, proud of his noble wife and of his own resolution. There was no religious excitement, no temperance revivals to give men a chance to scoff at the reformed drunkard. It was a big manly act and all recognized it as such.

Lou Beauchamp at once entered the temperance cause. In and around Hamilton he worked faithfully for two years. Some of the results of his work was astonishing. Men who had been raised from their birth on whisky, whose fathers tipped up the family jug to their baby lips, became and remain to this day teetotalers. He soon entered into National work, and has been traveling—always with his wife beside him—over the United States for several years. He is a brilliant orator, a perfect gentleman, a genuine Christian. No one seeing him in Youngstown to day in his manhood and strength, could believe that years ago he was an abandoned drunkard.

My Last Baby.

I am not sure when I lost him,
But I think 'twas one soft Spring day,
When with his first tiny pair of pants
And his cap he started away,
To go to a school off somewhere,
In a land where no babies play.

I have his curls and his dresses;
The first are as gold as the sun;
The latter are fragrant with perfume,
And damp with my tears, every one.
But they're empty, just as my heart is,
And it seems that my life is done.

They sent me a boy that evening
From the school where no babies go,
Who told me of lessons and recess
And other boys, row after row,
But never a word of my baby,
And my heart's most breaking to know.

His eyes are the eyes of my baby,
His voice stirs the depths of my soul;
But there's never a curl on his forehead,
And his stockings have never a hole;
I can not ride him to Banbury Cross,
And take all his kisses for toll.

God help me! I've lost my one baby,
And they've given me a boy instead.
I've only this soft mass of ringlets
And these dresses laid out on the bed,
And this heart with its pain, and this bosom
That aches for the little lost head.

I'm proud of my boy in the schoolroom,
God knows how I love him today;
But I'd give half my life at this moment
For a kiss from the babe gone away—
Gone away to the country of knowledge
In the land where no babies play.

Oh, boys, climbing life's great mountain,
Come back, when you can, with a smile
And a kiss for the lone hearts that love you,
But mourn for the babes all the while.
"Cuddle doon" on their breasts as you used to;
'Twill cheer them through many a trial.

The Story of "The Little Woman."

WRITTEN BY LOU J. BEAUCHAMP IN 1887.

I see the papers are full just now of tributes to the glorious womanhood of Mrs. John A. Logan, and of anecdotes of her help to her husband during his years of struggle. This reminds me that on the last day of this month I hope to

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

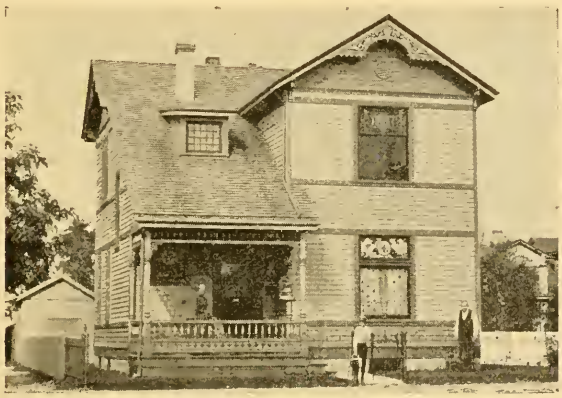
be by the side of a little woman up in Hamilton, Ohio, who just ten years ago on this same day of this same month, took me for better or for worse, and the chances were altogether for the "worse." For seven years I had been in the depths,

and the doors of home and hearts had been closed against me for many months. I had drank myself out of every position I had held in the newspaper profession, and although my love for the little woman was great, I feared that she would only reap in tears what she was sowing in faith and courage.

We had just ten dollars between us when we faced the world that first day as man and wife. And then commenced a hard fight—on her part as on mine. There were days when bread was scarce —well, those days we lived on kisses. There were nights when fuel was "non est"—we sat closer together then, and twined our arms about each other as our hearts were twined. We had no one to go to for help but the good Lord, and he never closed his ears against us. He heard every cry and answered every prayer. By and by the "little man" came. He was a very little man—he only weighed three pounds. I remember I was grateful for that, for I thought it would be cheaper and easier to care for three pounds of baby than for ten or twelve pounds, and I felt the Lord had sent us a small one to fit our fortunes. I used to start out every morning after a hasty breakfast on bread, cheese and kisses, and make the rounds of the newspaper offices and see if there was not some bit of writing I could get to do, and I generally found a bit before the last dime was gone, and then for a few days everything was bright.

About this time temperance meetings were all around us, and friends used to say a kind word for me, and I got invitations to speak near our home. I don't think the speeches were very good; but they were at least earnest and sincere and from the heart. I could tell the drinkers the misery they were going to, for I had drank the cup of shame to the dregs, and I could also tell them how much more life was worth the living since I had stopped drinking. The first lecture I gave I shall never forget. I kept as much of my person hid behind the pulpit as I could, lest my worn and torn but neatly mended clothes should be seen, and

when I was through, and a full hundred signed the pledge, I felt as if I was beginning to be of some use again in the world. And then a big, sober-faced deacon rose and moved that "a collection be taken up for the young brother." I had borrowed eighty cents to pay my fare to the place, and I had expected a collection, but when it was mentioned I broke out in profuse perspiration. I wondered if they would get enough to pay back that eighty cents, and I prayed that they would, and they did—and forty-nine cents more. And when they gave it all to me, $1.29, I just sat down and cried. It was the first money I had earned fighting my old enemy,



SUNSHINE COTTAGE.

and it looked like a fortune. I could hardly wait for morn- to come, to get home and lay my 49 cents in the lap of the "little woman." But morning came at last, and I got home and gave the money to the one I loved best in all the world, and we had a little thanksgiving then and there. Oh, how I did want to keep it as a souvenir, but I could not; we need- ed flour and bacon (we were a long way off from porter-house steak then); and so it was wisely expended, and I don't think I ever ate a better meal in my life than the one earned by

my first lecture. Since then I have several times got $100 for a single lecture—a literary or humorous one—but no money I have earned since looked quite so big and worthy as that little handful of pennies and nickels I got nearly ten years ago in Somerville, Ohio.

Well, the days made weeks and the weeks made months and the months made years, and the little woman, the little man and I grew along with them, and the good Lord was

THE MUSIC ROOM IN SUNSHINE COTTAGE.

giving me friends and a good name, and more and more engagements and greater power to speak; and the time came by and by when we could lie down at night and feel no fear for the morrow; when we knew there was enough in store and a little for the poor fellows who asked for "just a bit" at the back door. And after a while we were able to buy

some furniture and some tableware and some pictures, and commence home building. And it was all due to the business tact and the courage of the "little woman."

One day a publisher came to me and said: "Lou, if you will write the story of your life, I'll print it and have it bound, and it will sell in your meetings, and you can make some money." And I saw it was a wise suggestion, for my life had been full of romance, full of ups and downs, of gloom

THE LIBRARY IN SUNSHINE COTTAGE.

and sorrow, and of sunshine and joy at the last, and I quickly agreed to it, and hurried home to tell the little woman of our good luck. And what do you think she said?

"Lou, you will do nothing of the kind. The man is insignificant as compared to his cause. Your life has no place in this great temperance movement. Sit down and write a book against strong drink. Tell of its power to curse

and of the power of sobriety to open the doors of fortune, fame and sunshine. Talk to the boys on your hobby of self-education in the spare hours, on the dignity and manliness of labor, and how to save the pennies, and what to do with them when they are saved. And then put in some chapters on your other hobby—sunshine at home, and how to make homes so happy and bright that the temptations of the cities cannot win husbands and sons away into danger and death."

And I took the advise of the "little woman," and I wrote "Sunshine," and the profits of "Sunshine" have enabled me to buy a little cottage home—"Sunshine Cottage"; and I gave it, just at it stands, as a birthday present to the little lady whose courage and faith and trust in God have made a man of me.

And on the 31st of March I hope to stand by her side and welcome, in our little home, the friends who have stood by us and helped us fight the good fight. And I ask the many thousand readers of THE VOICE to ask God to continue his blessings of life and happiness and sunshine upon the little woman who has made me, under him, what I am to-day, and upon the "little man," who must develop into a great, good man under the teachings of such a mother, and upon myself.

A Bit of Cheer.

Never mind the clouds, dear, never mind the rain;
Trust in God and look ahead; the sun will shine again—
Singing after sorrow, and good health after pain;
Sow the seed, and after a while comes the golden grain;
Sow the seed of happiness when all the skies are bright;
If the clouds come lowering down, laugh them out of sight.
Never mind the wind, though it whistles loud and long;
Whistle up a tune yourself, and then break out in song;
Laugh away your troubles, and pray away your cares;
That's the way, my sweetheart, to climb the golden stairs.

My Small Teacher,

OR THE STORY OF THE LITTLE MAN.

Have you yet reached that point in your life where your stock of knowledge seems to you pitifully meagre? Then you have just gotten to where you really begin to learn. I used to think I knew a great deal, and was astonished, as

THE LITTLE MAN.

the boys were at Goldsmith's teacher, that "one small head" could hold so much. But I am getting bravely over my youthful egotism, and am learning faster than ever before in my life. And who do you think my teacher is? That "little man" reared by "the little woman" of whom *The*

Voice readers have read, and concerning whom I have gotten so many kind letters since I told our life-story in these columns.

Now, it does seem strange that a little man who wears short trousers, a sailor jacket and hat, should be a teacher of a grown man who, for years past, has presumed to teach other grown men by pen and voice; but it's a fact, nevertheless, and I have formulated it as follows: "A six-year-old boy or girl can make father a better-educated man and mother a better-informed woman."

The way I found out how excellent a teacher my boy was, was when he began to come home from school and ask questions. You know, of course, that way back in the dark ages some empty-headed old fool declared that "children should be seen and not heard," and thought that he had produced a maxim that had in it the concentrated wisdom of the ages from Solomon to himself. And foolish humanity accepted the saying, and deliberately threw away one of its surest ways of getting wisdom, by hermetically sealing the mouths of the babes and sucklings.

Well, my boy would come home with a new desire for knowledge every day, and, of course, believed, as I did, that all that was necessary for him to start flowing a perfect torrent of knowledge was to tap paterfamilias.

"Father," said the little man one day, "how is Ohio bounded?"

Well, it had been so long since I had attended school that I failed to comprehend that the child needed the information for the morrow's lesson, and replied:

"On the north by water and Kanucks, on the south by more water and whiskey, on the west by Hoosiers, and on the east by a protective tariff for pig iron," and laughed to myself, thinking how smart I was.

But next day the little man came home from school crying; and when I asked for the cause he said:

"I got sent to the foot of my class for making a fool of myself."

"Why, how could you have done that, my boy?" I asked, soothingly.

"I bounded Ohio just like you told me to," he sobbed out.

And then he hunted up the atlas and got the correct answer without bothering his fool of a father, who was taught then and there that a one-horse joke which an audience will take from the platform, because they can't help themselves, won't do in the practical school-room, where hungry minds are fed on facts and not fancies. And I hunted up the dear heart and told him that if he would honor me with questions after such an experience I would let the philosopher answer them and not the fool, feeling perfectly sure about having the philosopher right at hand.

The very next night my lessons began under "my small teacher." Coming home at his usual hour, I could see by his face that he was ready to tap my reservoir of knowledge, and I began to swell up with a sense of the great benefits I was about to confer on my son and heir.

"Father," said he, "tell me about George Washington. I've got to have a little composition about him for Friday."

"Well, my son, Washington once cut down a cherry tree, and——"

"Chestnut," cried the boy.

"Not a chestnut, but a cherry tree," I replied.

"Well, I know all that stuff. Tell me something about his life, how old he was, when he first did something for his country, and the offices he held, and when he was born, and how old he was when he died, and such things."

"Certainly, my dear boy," I replied, beaming with pride in my great wisdom. "General George Washington was born——"

"I thought he wasn't a General till he become a man. I didn't know he was born a General," said that small teacher of mine.

"Well, you are right, my boy; George Washington was born in—the encyclopædia."

"*In what?*"

"I mean I can't tell you the exact date or place till I examine the encyclopædia."

And in turning its teeming pages to satisfy the desires of the little man, I acquired the first real knowledge of Washington I had since I, too, was one of "those machines that ask questions"—a boy—and verily the boy had become teacher to the man.

And so it went on in those days, and goes on now. And the questions my boy asks, while helpful to him, are just as much so to me. I never knew why the stars seemed to twinkle at night till that boy wanted to know and came to his father for the information; and his dunce of a father, who had been singing "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," for something less than a century, went to the library to find the "why of it."

One day he wanted to know how far the sun was from the earth, and for a wonder I knew, and congratulated myself that the little man had got one answer from his father's brain instead of from that great set of books in the library; for, to tell the truth, I was just beginning to get jealous of that encyclopædia, but my self-congratulation did not last long, for his next question fairly paralyzed me.

"How did anybody find out how many miles it is?"

I sat down in anguish of spirit, and that old saying that a fool can ask more questions in an hour than a philosopher can answer in a life-time, came into my head, but was immediately followed by the further thought that fools may become philosophers by asking questions, and then the biggest fool in our family started off to the library to ask

some questions of a certain big book there. I had really never thought anything about how the distances between this earth and the other mighty bodies were obtained; for all I knew, some surveyor-general had gone up in a baloon close enough to lasso the sun, and then getting his rope loose, had counted the feet and miles in it. But the big book explained it in an entirely different way, and I explained it to that boy.

"You are awful smart, ain't you, papa?" was my pay for my trouble, and the perspiration oozed out all over me at the discovery that my boy had not, as yet, discovered his father's right to take the highest seat in the know-nothing synagogue, and I replied never a word to my small teacher, but said softly to myself, "Yes, I am smart—smart enough to peddle out wisdom, as occasion requires, from the particular shelf on which it is stored in the library."

And sometimes that smart pedagogue teaches me without sending me to the big books. We were in Cincinnati late one afternoon, and I wanted to find West Third street, and on reaching the street that intersects Third, I stopped in doubt.

"What's the matter now?" asked the miniature philosopher.

"I don't know which way is West Third, up or down."

"Well, don't the sun set in the West?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered, rather gruffly, "but what's that got to do with the location of the place I want to find?"

"Well, see where the sun is now, and that will be West," said the small teacher, very quietly.

I had absolutely nothing to say, but the little man must have been astonished at the speed with which I hustled him into a drug store and ordered the clerk to fill him with soda water to his heart's content.

And thus I am getting wiser day by day, but still have a large number of rooms to let in my upper story, rooms I thought had long been crowded with tenants, but which

recent examination convinces me are filled only with cobwebs. The rooms can be secured at a low rental if applied for before my small teacher fills them. Every day he fills a room, teaching me something I thought I had known for years too many to acknowledge here, but which he makes me feel I never had any acquaintance with. I can tell now why the cracking of a whip makes a noise; why perpetual motion is an impossibility; why milk turns sour; why the barometer fortells the weather; why a red sunset means a bright morrow. and a red sunrise foul weather; what makes the echo; why the prism divides the rays of light into various colors; why a cat's fur crackles when rubbed in cold weather; why a bottle gives forth a gurgling sound when its contents are poured out, and just lots of things besides. The little man is the cause of all this knowledge that has come to me, and I have about concluded he is the best teacher I ever had.

There are some things I don't know yet, however. I can't tell why fathers who have bright boys like mine will sell them to the saloon-keepers for a little money—paid into a city treasury. I can't see how fathers can take the money that would educate such boys into grand, helpful men, and give it to these licensed drink sellers, leaving the boys to be educated in the streets and the devilish schools of vice lining them. I don't know why some preachers preach that a license hung over a bar will take the devil, danger and death out of the whisky under the bar. I don't know why other preachers and lots of their people will keep on praying for the drunkard, and voting for the parties that stand by the traffic that makes the drunkard.

These are some of the things I don't know. The small teacher himself can't understand them, but they will be answered some day. God reigns, and the Government and the people shall live on, and full soon be brought into the promised land of deliverance from the burning, blistering, blighting curse of curses. As I believe in God I believe this, and so does my small teacher. God bless him.

The Mother's Prayer.

There's a little brown head on the pillow,
  And a face that will turn toward my own,
Though the wings of the gentle sleep-angels
  Have ended their mission and flown.
Two round, chubby arms are around me,
  And grasp with a passionate embrace,
While the soft, falling dew of my baby's breath
  Comes ever into my face.

I push back the hair from a forehead,
  Like marble, so white and so fair;
And I feel, as I gaze on its beauty,
  No sin lines can ever rest there;
And the eyes that are closed in slumber,
  So sparkling and bright in their play,
Are full of a fathomless glory,
  As grand as eternity's day.

Yet I know that earth's trials are many,
  Its ways are so full of the wrong!
And men have gone down into sorrow,
  In many an unnumbered throng,
Whose lives were as full of bright promise,
  Whose faces and foreheads were fair
As this dear one who nestles yet closer,
  While mother's lips send up a prayer—

That the little pink feet, which keep moving
  In slumber as well as in play,
May travel as far from earth's sorrows
  As both of them did to-day;
And that years unto years may be added
  To a life ever spotless and pure;
And that Death, though he come unexpected,
  May be met at the heavenly door.

And when the great Judge, in his wisdom,
  Shall separate wrong from the right,
And crown noble lives with glory,
  And shut evil ones out of sight,
May the little one now on my bosom,
  Wrapped up in a mother's love,
Nestle closer, yes, closer to Jesus,
  In the mansions of glory above.

Does it Pay?

Going along Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington City, a few days since, I met a friend of "auld lang syne"—one whom I had not seen for years. After a pleasant talk on old times and old friends, he questioned me as to my years of temperance work, and at last said to me pointedly, "Does it pay?" He had reference, of course, to the financial emoluments accruing from my efforts upon the platform, and I told him that my family had plenty to eat, all needful changes of apparel as the seasons came and went, "the little man" was being educated, we had a bite for the poor fellows who came timidly through the gate saying they were so hungry they didn't know where they were "going to sleep at night," and I occasionally could add a new book in cheap binding to my prized collection "of the best thoughts of the best thinkers of the best ages;" but, I added, the bank account of "the little woman" doesn't keep us awake at nights (owing to the ease with which Canada can be reached nowadays), and the refusal of tenants to pay rents has no worries for us. I told him that we could say with one of old, we are not forsaken, and our seed does not beg bread, and we are abundantly satisfied—satisfied as things are, and satisfied to keep on.

My friend and I separated, and after hovering a half hour over that silver star in the floor of the Washington depot that marks the spot where a great, good man felt the sting of a coward's bullet, and was carried away to change worlds because of the wound, I got on my train and was soon whizzing away through the darkness to my next appointment.

Worn out with months of steady work from Montreal to Vicksburg, I could not sleep, and raising the curtains of the window in my compartment in the Pullman sleeper, I lay looking up at the star-jeweled floor of God's home. And as I lay there a thought of the little father who lay down for a long sleep five years ago came to me, and I remembered how a neighbor had come to me, just a few weeks before father had gone to know perfectly what he could but dimly understand here, and said to me:

"Lou, what a funny little man your father is. This morning he was standing in the sun by his door, and looking for all the world like a corpse who had forgotten he was dead, and rose to attend to something he had just remembered needed attention. I said to him:

"'Doctor, how do you feel?'

"'All right, George, all right. Why I feel twenty years younger.'

"'Twenty years younger!' I cried in astonishment, thinking how soon he would commence counting time by ages and not by years. 'Why, Doctor, what makes you look so cheerful, and feel so much younger?'

"'Ah, George,' was his reply, 'Lou is sticking so bravely to his pledge and is doing so grandly, winning others to stop drinking.'"

And I lay there thinking of those words of father so close to the day when his kindly eyes were closed on earth forever, and thinking of the seven years during which my drunkenness had wrung his great heart, filled his eyes with bitter, burning tears. And then to think that God spared him until I had for five years been sober and true, and given me power to win many others to such a condition, and to bring the dying man to feel so much younger because of my newer, better life, that with great hot tears on my cheeks I said, as though my Washington friend was yet beside me: "Yes, it does pay; it pays as nothing else under the heavens pays."

And the next day I reached Washington, Washington County, Pa., and at the home of John A. Best and his good wife I found a royal welcome coming from hearts so full of Christian love that they are never so happy as when making some of their brothers and sisters under the universal Fatherhood happy. And my mail was waiting for me; and after opening first the ones in the well-known hand of "the little woman," and finding that she and "the little man" were well, I opened the others.

And one was from the city editor of a great daily newspaper in a great Western city, and the writer told me that he was to be managing editor in a few weeks, with a great salary, and spoke of the sunny home where the woman he loved and himself would always have a welcome and a room for me; and it closed thus:

"You will never know, old fellow, how much I owe of my little success in life to your lectures, your example, and your book, together with the earnest words of advice you gave me when you found me seven years ago in Newark, Ohio, afraid to tackle the world and find a place in it. I was pretty far down, and, worst loss of all, had lost hope; but you and your noble little wife showed me such love and care that I began to take heart of grace, and listening to your words on the platform, I determined to 'try, try again'; and I have won a place in the world, and with it peace and happiness and plenty. God bless you, old friend! My heart is full. Some time in tangible form I hope to prove my gratitude to you for all you have done for me."

And I said —and really I fancied my worldly-minded friend from Pennsylvania avenue was by my side—"Yes, it does pay, an hundred and a thousand fold."

I was looking through my valise a day or so later, and there fell out of a long book in which I keep papers and scraps a little package, and opening it, I found a silver quarter. I have carried it a long time, and hope to carry it till my hair

has snowy lines telling of age and weariness. I remember, as though it were but yesterday, where and when I got it. A great strong man carrying a six-year-old girl in his arms, came up to me in a Kentucky town as I was standing on the platform after a grand meeting; and the little girl said, handing me a package:

"Mister Bocamp, I want you to keep this for my sake. I wish it was enough to make you rich, rich, rich, but it's all I've dot. I love you so much."

A silver quarter! And some friends who had seen and heard told me how her father, learned and loving, had gone down to real want through drink, and God had given me words that had brought him back to sobriety, and family, and honor, and the church; and the little girl, old through sorrow and want, had determined to show her affection for the instrument God had been using for the father's reformation, and she had brought me her savings of many weeks.

And a tear fell on the coin, and I put it back in its wrapper. And I said softly to myself, "Yes, my friend, it pays; I know no work that pays so well."

A letter came a day or two ago from Owensboro, Ky., written in a magnificent hand—the hand of a scholar, and in it I read:

"My wife and boy send their love to you, and you know I join in. My life now is not as it was last April, when you first began to speak here. Let me hear from you often. God bless you. Ed."

And I said again, "It pays, my old friend, it pays."

And to-night, or morning rather, (for sleep, that twin brother of death, has been refusing me his help to "knit the ravelled sleeve of care" for some nights now, and so I sit and read till the cocks begin to crow, and the sun-god mounts his chariot for a ride about his kingdom), I am thinking of the mothers and wives who say to me, "In our prayers we shall remember you for the help you have been to our loved ones"

—and I thank God he deems me worthy of being an instrument in his hands to tell of the dangers of drink, and the blessings of sobriety, and the glorious rest to be found at the foot of the Cross, and as each happy face of mother and of wife comes to me, and face of boy and man with that light "like none that ever was on land or sea" upon it, shines before me, I wish that my friend would come just now, that I might say to him, "It pays—pays better than I ever dreamed it would when I began to make those imperfect, halting speeches in Butler County, Ohio, twenty years ago."

And I go back a dozen years, and see "Beauchamp, the drunken editor," raving with delirium; I see him staggering blood-covered between two policemen; I see him sneering and laughing at the church-going folk on a Sabbath day; I see him, pistol in hand, and feel again the hot kiss of the bullet I sent toward my heart in a feverish desire to free myself from my chains of appetite. I see and live over again those days of hovering between the seen and the unseen; and now comes to me a remembrance of the gentle, tender touch of a woman's hand. I hear her pleading voice: "Brother, Christ died for you—live for Him; I will guide you to the light."

And step by step I see myself walking by her side, and the clouds are breaking away; through a rift in the sky I see the olden golden glory of the promises, and begin to understand that they are for me—for me; and still "the gentle soul" is leading me; and by and by the full truth breaks upon me, and I sing "the new song"—she cannot sing with me for her tears; and the new battle commences, "the little woman" mine to help me with her courage and her faith when we come to the rough places in the road. I look up, and God seems just overhead, and "victory" is my cry.

And so we have come hand in hand down the aisles of these twenty years, and I lay down my pen to thank God and the woman I love for happiness, content, friends, plenty, sunshine, and power to work that others may find what I have

had all this time; and if others would seek this work let me but add: "It pays—blessed be God! it pays as nothing else I have ever tried pays, and the wages are regular and sure and abundant, and we wouldn't strike if we could, and we couldn't strike if we would. The labor is too easy, the pay is too great, the Master is too kindly in His dealings with us, and, brother, He wants more hands. Come and work with us. It pays.

God's Lighthouses.

Oh sailor, far out on the sea,
Where the winds beat thy bark to and fro,
Dost thou fear in the dark some dread rock
May send thee and thine down below?
Have faith, over yon stands the tower,
And the keeper toils up the dark way,
And at last he has lit the great lamp
And thy vessel steers safe in the bay.

O, soul, far adrift on life's sea,
Are the waves of thy guilt mounting high?
Does the darkness of sin strike a chill to thy heart
And no light come to thee from the sky?
Have faith, though the thunders roll loud
From the storm-king's dread faraway camp:
Over yon stands the lighthouse of God,
And He knows when to light up the lamp.

A storm but makes sweeter the air,
And a dark night precedes the bright day.
For every high wave of our guilt
There is calm in God's Penitent Bay;
And all along sin's darkened shore,
E'en where gather death's heaviest damps,
Stand the stately lighthouses of God,
And He knows when to light up the lamps.

A Visit to a Trappist Monastery.

Gethsemane, Kentucky, is the seat of the Trappist Monastery of Our Lady of Lourdes, a place where all the traditions of that weird monastic order founded by LaTrappe in Catholic France, in 1140, are sacredly lived up to.

Without the walls Nature has on her royal autumn robes, and a smiling sun adds brighter gold to the foliage covering hills and valleys; inside all is dark and dead, grave spades are playthings, and skulls and crossbones are pillow companions.

When the Benedictine order of early ages began to depart from the faith of its founders, and the friars and monks commenced filling their bellies with good things and their hours with cheer of monkish tales and worldly jokes, a handful of the faithful, bemoaning in sackcloth and ashes so terrible a descent from high aim, betook themselves, with cowl, and robe, and death's head, and crucifix and crucified stomach afar, and, favored by the gift of a Count LaTrappe, builded the first Trappist monastery, and since that year of 1140 there has been no departure from the faith.

Over a half century ago these grim brothers sent a portion of their number to America, to prove the advantage of their mode of life to faithful Catholics "across seas." At Dubuque, Iowa, and Gethsemane, Ky., they builded their monasteries, the latter being the larger, and the more interesting because of its secluded and lonely situation, "far from the maddening crowd." The order has never flourished in this country. Converts have been rare, and of the one hundred and fifty priests and lay brothers who once inhabited this

monastery, but thirty-five remain, and those are mostly aged and weak, very close to the day of their deliverance and reward. The rest, uncoffined, wrapped only in the white or brown habit they wore in life, rest in the shallow graves that lie all too thick and close in the little "God's Acre" back of their beautiful church.

Armed with a letter of introduction from a prominent Catholic citizen of Lebanon, we reached the monastery one recent morning. It is situated in a hollow, and completely hidden thus from the surrounding country. You come upon it all unawares, and were it not for the few neighboring farm houses and negro cabins, which are unmistakably American, one could easily imagine himself in France, the monastery buildings being all of distinctive foreign style. They are approached by an avenue of giant trees planted with mathematical precision, which for half a century have waved their arms in benison to the peaceful dwellers over the walls.

At the end of the avenue stands a low, one-story brick building, containing several narrow rooms, the wall of the monastery grounds serving as a back wall of the building. The rooms against the outer wall are evidently not on consecrated ground, as women are welcome here, and permitted to hold converse with the trading priest or those having charge of the school near by. Presenting our letter of introduction to a "brother in brown," he bade us be seated, and leaving us soon returned with a "brother in white" —a priest, Father Edward, a sweet-faced, low-voiced man of perhaps sixty years of age, who gave us cordial greeting, and placed himself entirely at our service.

With no preliminary words of explanation he bade us follow him, which we did, through the long outer building, and out and across a bit of ground into a small circular chapel, into which we were all permitted to enter. It would seat perhaps one hundred worshipers, and contained the crucifix, altar, candles and other usual articles of Catholic

ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY.

worship. In a room off from the chapel was a representation of the Grotto of Lourdes. The entire piece is about six feet high and eight feet wide. It is used as a special altar before which the faithful bow in adoration and ask for such relief as they need.

The ladies of our party were taken by the Father to the gallery, where a view was obtained of the larger church, known as the community chapel, and in which the monks only worship, the smaller chapel being for the country people of the faith. Returning to the chapel door the monk notified us that the ladies must return to the office, having been permitted to see all that was allowed to womankind, the offices and the secular chapel without the walls, for inside the walls of a Trappist monastery no woman has yet set foot.

The monastery is erected in the shape of a hollow square, four stories high, plain and strong, one side having in its centre the great church, against the outer wall of which the secular chapel before mentioned is built. The square within is beautifully laid out with beds of flowers and shrubs, a summer house in the centre, and a large pump which forces water to every floor of the building. The building contains workshops, where various kinds of manual labor are performed; a guest department, where Catholics who desire to retire from the world for a time are cared for, and where priests who have been deposed from their pulpits for some ecclesiastical fault are permitted to do penance, without taking upon themselves the austere life of the monks; a printing office, evidently long unused; a dormitory, kitchen, refectory, a community or reading room, store rooms, library, etc. The building is admirably arranged for a college, and could easily accomodate five hundred scholars, in addition to the thirty-five ghostly fathers who dwell there now.

The library contains several thousand volumes of theological lore in Latin, French, German, Greek and English, and some of those are very rare and curious. One volume

THE MONASTERY AT GETHSEMANE.

the priest showed us was a Bible of 1537, weighing perhaps forty pounds, with the print as perfect and the paper as sound as though the volume had come from the press but yesterday. A treasure of the monastery is a Bible written by the monks over a thousand years ago. The letters would shame the average teacher of penmanship of to-day, while never a nineteenth century Arnold makes an ink that will carry its primitive hue through centuries as have the inks made and used by these priests of the dark ages. The initial letters are veritable works of art in several colors, red predominating. There were also volumes of chants, five feet tall, bound in leather nearly an inch thick, and the backs and edges bound with heavy brass, hand wrought, and great projecting knobs of brass two inches high all over the sides. These in olden days were set up in the centre of the church and the letters and notes being an inch in height were readily seen and sung by the worshipers. These are the same chants, without change of word or note, that the church has sung from its earliest history.

The monastery rooms are bare of ornament, save crucifixes and religious pictures, some of the latter modern, but many others centuries old.

From the library we visited the kitchen. It brought up Scott's tales, and early English history. A dark high raftered room, with brick floor and brick ovens, into which are sunk four immense iron pots, only one of the latter being now in use, though all were needed in the palmier days of the monastery. Round the room shuffles an old brother in brown, the cook, a veritable picture out of the Middle Ages.

The smiling Father lifted the cover from the great iron pot, and the monks' dinner was exposed. Soup, thick, yellow vegetable soup—soup made "from an original recipe," handed down from abbot to monk, and from monk to friar, and from friar to brother in brown for over seven centuries. The flavor of to day's soup, the flavor of the soup set before

THE REFECTORY.

the first lot of Trappist monks who ever sat at table. No meat in it? Certainly not. No Trappist monk has tasted meat since 1140. Only water and turnips and potatoes and cabbage and vegetables that came in with creation. No pepper, no salt. Seasoning and spice and sauce for the stomach are as much forbidden to those faithful recluses as is the seasoning and spice and sauce of life's pleasures forbidden for the mind.

"And is this all your dinner?" we asked the priest.

"Oh! no; we have another dish," he replied, and led the way into the refectory.

One yellow bowl was covered with a napkin, and this contained "the other dish." The good priest, seemingly with an air of curiosity, lifted the napkin, and we beheld a piece of cheese, weighing perhaps two ounces. The day must have been a feast day, for, in addition to soup, bread and cheese, each place was garnished with a couple of apples. The curiosity of the monk regarding "the other dish" was afterward explained to us in the fact that it is decided by the cook, according to his own whim, and may be cheese, a bit of mush, a piece of corn bread, or some other equally innocent and safe food. The soup, however, is the main dish, and a Trappist monk is sentenced to it for life. To top off his dinner he has each day a mug of cider. From this bill of fare there is never a change, though kingdoms rise and fall, and ages wax hoary and give way to newer births of time.

What do they have for supper, you ask? Nothing, and like the dinner bill of fare, the supper bill has never been changed since the first monk of the order took the vows.

What is their breakfast? The same as supper. The Trappist monk eats but one meal a day, at half past two in the afternoon. "And" said the priest, with a twinkle of his bright eyes, "we always have a good appetite."

In the dining room no word is ever uttered. As we entered it the Father put his finger to his lips, and waited till

THE READING ROOM.

we had passed out to answer our questions and tell us of the changeless bill of fare. A like rule of silence is observed in the community church, and the sleeping apartment, and in all these years in these rooms no priest or lay brother has uttered a word. Moreover the Trappist monk really takes a vow of silence on entering the order, being permitted to speak only on matters of absolute business to his superior, the Abbot, while the brother in brown may speak on business to the priest.

From the dining room we visited the church, a vast, long, high cathedral, with fluted columns and echoing vaults. The great altar was plainly but richly ornamented with statues of saints, and a marvelously beautiful crucifixion, the figure of the Saviour being carved in wood, the lifetime work of one of the monks. The priests are justly proud of this piece of work, as also of a crozier, also a monk's handiwork, who gave his life to the task of making it. It is eight feet high, and consists of thousands of bits of various colored woods set in the staff and crook, after the fashion of mosaic work, and representing crosses, flowers, altars and geometrical figures, as well as scenes from Bible story.

Across the walk from the grotto lie all the dead of the monastery.

One grave contains the dust of a brave soldier of the First Empire. Napoleon was his friend as well as his general, and when the great commander was sent to St. Helena the medaled hero's heart was broken. He retired to the abbey of La Trappe, in France, and took the vow of silence. He was one of those sent to America to found the order here, and bravely did he live up to his faith. But Age found him within the grim walls, and brought Death to force the soldier to his last battle. Death won, and just before the soldier-monk struck his colors and capitulated the Abbot bent over him and said:

"If you have anything on your mind and wish to speak, you may do so."

THE CEMETERY.

The dying monk opened his glazing eyes—there was a gleam of the old battle spirit in them. A smile came over his wan face, and the silence of long years was broken:

"The Emperor—what became of him?" And the next moment the question was answered by the Angel of Record.

The burial service of the monks is very beautiful and touching. After the day of exposure in the church, during which time the services for the dead are continuously performed, the monks lift their dead comrade and carry him in their hands to the grave, which may have been ready for years, and lay the body, uncoffined, in its embrace, covering it with earth, the while prayers are offered and chants intoned. Each day the monks go to their Silent City and with their hands dig up a little earth from the place next the last-made grave. Thus day by day the grave for the next one who may need it is made ready, and their motto of "*Memento mori*" is kept fresh in their minds.

From here we visited the sleeping apartments of the monks. It is a long, wide room, with windows on either side, carpetless and pictureless. In the centre is built a series of wooden cells, about four feet wide and seven feet long, open at the top. Along one side of each cell two wide boards form a bunk, and this is their bed. They are permitted to have a small straw pallet, but few use it, preferring rather to crucify the body in sleep by using the bare boards. Sleeping in their heavy woolen gowns, they need no covering, though it may be used in cold weather if desired, there being no fire allowed. Once each week, on entering his cell, each monk disrobes and proceeds to scourge himself with a heavily knotted cat-o'-nine-tails.

And now to explain the good appetite of the monks, satisfied with a bowl of soup, a handful of bread and a lump of cheese. They go to bed at seven o'clock P. M., and rise at two A. M., having three minutes in which to go from the dormitory to the chapel. Here they worship, each to himself,

till daylight, when they go to work on the farm, in the grist-mill, saw-mill, or cheese factory, all of which are owned by the monastery, all the labor being performed by the monks, who obey the rule of silence at work as at all other times. They work until half after two in the afternoon, and then go to their only meal. Of late years there is not much work to do, save in the spring and at harvest time, and the hours not occupied by labor are given to worship and reading till seven o'clock strikes on the clock in the church tower, and the cells and the board beds are sought.

Of the outer world the monks know nothing. "You may write anything you please concerning us," said Father Edward, "and you will not hurt our feelings, for we can never hear of it. We read no papers, and know nothing that has happened in the world since we came here."

Letters frequently pass out of and into the Abbey, principally to and from the monasteries of Europe, and the higher church dignitaries at Rome.

According to our guide the monks are all healthy and happy. Their diet certainly produces no dyspepsia or gout, and hunger gives them most excellent sauce, and while the gloom and silence, and long hours of work and worship, and board beds, and scourge are certainly not in themselves conducive to happiness here, they assure the monks of heaven, "and for this we gladly suffer here," said the priest.

Here were to be learned lessons in faith—faith that rose to the heights of absolute sublimity; faith that prompted long lives of bodily suffering and pain in the belief that God approved, and the Angel of Entrance would be ready to swing wide the gate.

It may not be the real religion; that we shall find out beyond the stars; but such lives show forth the real spirit of worship, and these lowly monks whose vows are of poverty and privation and bodily suffering, are nobler in their abasement than the world's mightiest in their pride.

In this belief the writer has lived. In this belief he hopes to die, knowing that "over yonder," where creeds, dogmas, and articles of faith have never been recorded, and where only faith, and courage, and duty, and trust, and prayer, and deeds of kindness are weighed and measured and written down, he shall find by the side of mightiest ministers of his own religion, ministers of all others as well, and Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, black and white, and yellow and brown, all tinged with Heaven's gold, singing the one song "to the Lamb that was slain," and close to the throne he shall see the poor monks of La Trappe, admitted, not for their beliefs, but for their faith and suffering and sacrifice.

The engravings illustrating this article are used by courtesy of the publishers of "*The New Bohemian*," $1.00 per year, Pike's Opera House Building, Cincinnati. This magazine, thoroughly up-to-date, can be consistently recommended to my readers who are seeking the best in modern literature. It is independent, fearless and bright, and conclusively proves that the East does not hold the patent on the art of modern magazine making.

Prestare Fidem Marti.

The Queen lay dead in the hall of state,
With only her page on guard,
While afar in the forest beyond the gates,
The King and his suite rode hard.

Rode hard and rode fast, for the hunter's horn,
Had told how the fox would head,
And the King and his suite cared more for the brush,
Than for her who now lay dead.

He married for power, she married for love,
And only the King had won;
The woman's heart was empty and bare,
Long years ere her breath was gone.

But her page, who was young and fair to see,
Had worshiped her day by day;
To him she was dearer by far than life,
And together they wasted away.

For the Queen had been true to her cruel lord—
Had been true to the name she bore—
Though she saw the love that her fair page felt,
When his brown eyes would brim o'er.

So day by day they lingered on,
And the Queen was the first to sleep,
But the King rode off at the flush of morn,
And left the page to weep.

He fell across her cold, white form,
"Oh, Queen!" he cried, "do you know
I have loved you all these weary years,
But I dared not tell you so?

"But now you have lain your gold crown off,
I may tell what I tried to hide,
That for you I was ready to face the world,
For you, what joy to have died.

"Your lord was cold, and your lord was cruel,
And your heart was empty and sore,
You knew that my heart and my life were yours,
You were learned in true love's lore;

"But you were as true as the stars of God,
So we suffered day by day;
But now, bless God, we are one at last,
And none dare say us nay."

"What words are these, thou mumbling fool?"
Cried the King as he strode to the bier;
"Sure, never before, such talk as this
"Hath fallen on kingly ear!"

"And never, my Lord," said the weeping page,
"Shalt thou hear such words again;
Thou hast broken the heart of thy loyal Queen
And mine own has snapped in twain.

"On earth we could only be Queen and page,
No matter how cruel wert thou,
In heaven above we shall equals be,
And I go to join her now."

The King raised his hand to strike him down
Who had dared to be so true,
But the hand of God touched the brave soul first,
And the dead in the room were two.

Woman Suffrage.

A Sabbath-school teacher asked her class at what age should children give their hearts to God. The little ones gave various ages in reply, running from six to twelve years. But the youngest child in the class, a little tot of less than six summers, replied: "Just as soon as we know who God is."

At what time should we give our every energy to the right? As soon as the right becomes expedient? As soon as we can win? As soon as we have something else off our mind? In the next campaign? No! Just as soon as we know what the right is.

The above is respectfully referred to our friends who seem to be opposed to woman suffrage.

We have been fighting the old parties for years on the ground that they are parties of expediency and policy, not right and principle, and now comes some of our wisest and most trusted men endorsing expedient and politic moves for "the party of the new crusade," lest we should lose some votes in the coming campaign. Consistency is as much of a jewel in the Prohibition party as it is anywhere else.

Our recent declarations on woman suffrage, however, do not settle the question. Two-thirds of the States have got to carry the question at the ballot-box before the National Constitution can be changed to admit of said suffrage. The men who cannot swallow the dose will have their chance to vote against it at the ballot-box when it comes up for settlement. The Prohibition platform did not settle it, more's the pity.

I would like to know what the anti-suffragists have against their mothers and wives anyhow? I've got nothing

against mine. Parties of expediency, to catch votes, sold the saloon-keeper the right to make me a drunkard. A woman's love made me a sober man. My future and my boy's future are safer in her hands than in the hands of the saloon-keepers and politicians who came so near ruining me for time and eternity.

I want "the little man" I love to be spared the experiences of his father in the dark days, and I would sooner trust him to the political mercies of "the little woman," and Frances Willard, Mother Stewart, and Susan B. Anthony, than to John L. Sullivan, bruiser, bummer and wife-beater; Richard K. Fox, of the *Police Gazette*, and Patsy Bolivar, and Herr Most. You couldn't get those women to "run wid de machine," or to hold a caucus or a nominating convention in a saloon, and nominate the saloon-keeper as a matter of policy.

The male idea of suffrage has descended to us from the man who lived in a cave, and traveled in a dug-out and acquired territory and slaves by his strong arm and his war club. When all power went to the man of muscle, and brains had not begun to develop, back in the time of the dark ages, women necessarily remained in the background. Her muscles were too tender and her skull too soft. But even then her heart and her soul were all right.

To-day the man of muscle is confined to the interior of Africa and some parts of Boston, and brains, not biceps, rule the country and the world. Hence with government and law, matters of thought and politics, merely the mechanism of morals, any vessel holding brains is worthy of being called into service. Take Frances Willard's clear brain out of the prohibitory agitation of the past years, and the last Prohibition convention could have met in a good-sized dry goods box. The W. C. T. U. has been firing brains and heart at the liquor curse all these years, and "we're gitting a big boy now." Nothing like woman's care to bring boys up to manhood.

What are the objections to woman suffrage?

Two classes of men say they "don't know enough to vote." One class is represented by our foreign ward, who lands at Castle Garden on Monday, and wants to vote on "Chuesday." Asked what ticket he wants to vote, he replies: "Divil a bit do I care. I'm against the government anyhow"; and he can neither read nor write.

The other class is represented by the political demagogue and demijohn, who knows that the white-souled women of this country know enough not to vote for such scamps as himself, and that accounts for the milk in his particular cocoanut.

"But if a women can vote, she'll have to do all a man has to do." No she won't. She won't have to spend $50 "setting 'em up" for the "boys," before election, and then refuse the children ten cents to buy candy with, because times are so deucedly hard, "dontcherknow."

She won't have to march half the night in an oilcloth uniform, carrying a greasy torchlight all over town, yelling at every second step like a crazy Comanche, and come home at three in the morning with a head so big she has to get through the door sideways.

She won't have to neglect her business three months in every year to "save the country" in the back room of Maginnis' saloon, with the Constitution of the United States on the table, the platform of the opposition party in one hand, and a glass of forty-rod bourbon in the other.

"Well, if she votes, she'll have to fight." No she won't. This country has seen its last war, thank God. Brains, not biceps, will settle all vexed questions. We are farther away from the war club than ever. Read our platform again. When women vote it will be with our party, and our party has declared for arbitration—brains, not bullets.

"Well, she'll have to sit on juries; and think of the vile, scandalous cases that are being tried every day." Well,

think of them if you want to; and remember, as you think of them, that whenever a vile case comes into court, and a woman's honor has been taken from her, and in heart-break she is compelled to ask through the law for the support of the innocent soul at her breast, you will find that it was a dirty-souled man who committed the crime, moved by passion, while the poor girl was blinded by love; and if a jury of white-souled women get to sit on such a case, they would make it so hot for such vile men by their verdict that such cases will never come up again, and the girlhood of the nation will ever after be safe from the seducer and libertine, because the seducer and libertine will be sent where they belong—the penitentiary.

"But women can't understand politics." Of course they can't; the kind of politics you have been dishing up for them. Nine-tenths of the men can't understand the present political methods of the old parties. Let women's clean instincts get hold of this matter once, and politics will have a new meaning as well as a new force.

The man who is afraid to let his wife and mother go to the ballot-box can only be afraid of their overthrowing some of the foul plans that he has hitched his political soul to, and the sooner these plans are overthrown the better it will be for the nation.

A good woman can never be quite so good as when she is helping to make good laws for the good of the whole people. When all the men of the country are running mad over pig iron and wool, it is high time to get an element into our political forces that will try and do something for women and children and growing boys. The whole political forces of the nation seem to be slobbering over inert pig-iron and sheep's wool. Let us have a few speeches, and tears, and a million votes for cradles and babies, and boys and school-houses, and men, women, homes and churches.

I thank God that the marching army of the new crusade has not been afraid to do right, and has reached out its arms to the women of the country. God bless them all! Sister, here's my hand, and my ballot for you and yours is in it.

What Baby Left.

A little shoe and a lock of hair,
The latter as bright as the sun;
A glove so small, sure fairy ne'er
Wore such a tiny one;
A rubber rattle, and, last of all,
A frock as white as the snow,
Are lying together, all in a heap,
Under the lamp-light's glow.

They were found just now in the bottom drawer
Of a bureau old and worn,
And they brought the blood in a surging stream
To the brain of a mother forlorn;
For never again shall a tiny hand
Be warmed by this tiny glove,
And never again shall the baby's kiss
Make stronger a mother's love.

The little white frock shall be worn no more,
For the fashion has changed of late,
She wears the garment washed in blood
That is worn in the angel state.
And the little shoe, all worn and frayed,
Whose patter was music sweet
To the mother ear, no more shall sound
To the step of the baby's feet.

For under a mound all covered with bloom,
A mound so narrow and short,
Is the body of one who was all too fair
For aught save the heavenly court;
And there my baby is resting sweet,
While I sit idly here,
With only a frock, a rattle and shoe,
And a mother's blinding tear.

But by and by, when I, too, rest
In the church-yard lone and drear,
My spirit will climb to the glittering stars,
Afar from the ache and tear;
And there in the golden, gracious light
Of eternity's breaking day,
I will clasp my babe to the mother breast
Forever and for aye:

The Circus—A Memory.

It has been more than a score of years since I first heard the merry "Hoop la! here we are again!" of the be-spangled clown, as he entered the "saw-dust circle" with his face covered with a good half of all the colors in the rainbow. Time and I have been toiling up the heights since then, leaving boyhood, youth and early manhood far in the rear. When I entered the tent of the traveling circus the other night, a tent nearly as large as the name of the concern itself, with all its mastodonic, megotherium constellations af quincuplexal monstrosities, as the show-bills asserted in a philologic exhibition that would have thrown Richard Grant White into convulsions, I held by the hand one or more representatives of mine own loins who were to take their initiatory stroll among the zoological contributions of the four quarters of the earth, and I swear it on my hopes of future smiles as sweet as the first have been, from the quiet-faced little woman who kept at least one eye and a half on the child or children aforesaid, and not more than the other half on the animals, that as I gave up our joint pasteboard passes to the door keeper, and stepped within the canvassed enclosure, I felt blown to me from the long-unseen hills of childhood a current of air such as childhood only feels. The atmosphere of the tent was by no means of the purest, if the tip-tilted nostrils of the many scenters thereof were a criterion, but I scented nothing foul. I was afar back where Time first found me and the air had a song on its bosom that spoke to me of childhood's joys and memories I had thought dead and forgotten. I am ready to swear the same most pleasant oath once more that the first

moments under the swaying canvass made my own heart as light and happy as the heart or hearts of the small one or ones aforesaid, who had eyes for nothing but the monkeys and the Simian ancestors of future scientists who hugged certain uncleanly perches with their caudals and in this respect only seemed to differ from a portion of those who gazed on them.

And is not this the very reason why the circus of to-day numbers among its diurnal audiences the whitened heads of age? Is it not that age goes to be rejuvenated, and for an hour carried back to boyhood's days and scenes? I saw at the circus aforesaid the other night heads that had been ruthlessly mowed by the lawn-mower of Time; heads which shone only brighter than the good deeds of the owners thereof; heads that bend and bob and finally sink to rest Sabbath after Sabbath in the meeting house pews, notwithstanding the fact that the good minister in stentorian tones speaks of the wrath to come. These good old souls sleep on as if the "wrath to come" was only for foreigners, and I feel as I see them nodding away that salvation is theirs. A man who can sleep in church, of all places else, must be sure of the beyond, and have besides a good conscience a superlatively good digestion. I say that I saw these fathers-in-Israel at the exhibition of the Grand Consolidated Hypothetical Conglomeration of Arenic Stellar Attractions and Quadrupedic Contributions of the Differentiated Zones (or thar' abouts) the other nights, and I loved them for going. I was glad to see them there knowing that they had braved the good pastor who, in his sermons previous to the coming of all circuses, avers that Satan comes also and can be found hoof, hides and all with each tent show that travels. If the proprietors could only get hold of the "auld Nick" what an attraction he would be on the bills! But these old fellows were not at the circus for an evil purpose. All hell might have been under the tent and these good fathers would have

walked by unmoved and been the self-same sacrificing, kindly, compassionate Christians the next day. Bless their dear old souls, it was that strange, sweet atmosphere of the long ago they were after; the old thrill of years agone they wanted to experience once more ere death claimed them and finally taught them to ride round the circle of time on the Pale Horse. I have experienced the momentary exhilaration of youth, the forgetfulness of debts and insurance agents, and the memories of the past myself under the canvas of the traveling circus, and I don't wonder any longer why the old men go and wear on their faces that look of content that will wear off as soon as they come back out of that dream of the past into the drudging present.

Each step intensified the memories of youth. I saw what seemed to be the very same restless, shaggy, cinnamon bear that frightened me, so long ago it makes my teeth ache to think of it; and as sure as you live and pay your just dues one of the monkeys winked at me exactly as he did when I wore knee-breeches and saw him in another State, in a canvas not a quarter so large as the one he was then under. It was the same monkey, I'll swear it on my hopes of getting paid for this article. And if that great, uncouth Tartary yak that looked as if the Lord made him in a hurry and put his belly where his shoulders should have been, was not the one who stared at a little boy with very large eyes twenty years ago I'll refuse the first nomination tendered me by the cultured and most worthy voters of my district. And the elephants, camels, lions, tiger-cats, zebras, elands, gnus, etc., may have been recent importations; they may not have been old acquaintanceships of several decades dead and gone, but I want custom-house receipts to convince me of my error.

When our inspection of the animals was over we of course "went beyond" into the tent sacred to the arenic sports, and sat down upon benches as hard as a book agent's cheek, and saw the same band, tune up and proceed to de-

molish quavers and semi-quavers, whole notes and half notes as if the soul of music lay in the force of one's blows or the strength of one's wind. And then the curtains were parted for the "grand entree" of two women with very red faces and long dresses and some eight men with very ditto faces and costumes of the age Noachian as far as any established rules could be observed in either the cutting, or the combinations of colors. The entree ended and then Monsieur Alonzo De Codona, a native of Cork who let his name fall overboard from the steamer and bounced the first one he found lying loose in Castle Garden, came out to do his celebrated act of horsemanship, "the acme of physical daring." Perhaps it was; I thought so years and years ago, but (perhaps it was because I sat higher the other night,) as the horse's back was as broad as a variety show joke, and covered with a thing wondrously like Old Grimes' cellar door, on which I used to tear my trowser's and do damage to my grandame's temper in the "callow days," it seems to me now to have been a very easy thing for the Monsieur with the large name and large feet to have accomplished what he did.

But I paid little attention to Codona. In the ring, there preceded him boyhood's deity—the old clown. Not a bit older was he than when he first sent the tears of joy down my cheeks; he had on the same suit and no—yes, actually gave out the same jokes about his girl, and his feats of jumping and his brother, and about him being smart enough to be a fool, etc., etcetera, *quantum* more than *sufficet*, but I laughed just as I had done "long back"—exactly as that child or those children of which I have spoken did as it or they sat beside me. The two (or more) laughs had exactly the same cadence, the same ebb and flow – it was not a group of parents and children laughing,—for the nonce all were children. It actually seemed to me I had pantalettes on, and "roaches" in my hair. I don't suppose, really, that I did, but I felt like it, and the feeling was worth a fortune. I have wondered

for years why the old clown did not get off a new joke once in a while, but I wonder at it no longer. He would be dethroned if he did. The old *paters* and *maters* who heard him twenty, thirty, forty years ago, would not recognize him through a joke newer than the fifth of a century since, and that joyful feeling of an instantaneous journey back to the green hills and murmuring streams of childhood would never be taken again. Those old jokes are the enchanted carpet of which the Princess Scherzerade told the gouty King. You are seated, and presto, you are wherever you will to be, and who wouldn't go back to childhood for an hour? With the poet—

> "I'd rather laugh a fair haired boy,
> Than reign a grey-haired king."

The other acts had the same old flavor, but I cared little for them. Whenever the clown came out, I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks, and I guess I am laughing yet. I shall get back to my dignified years in a day or two perhaps, but I am still inhaling the air of boyhood days.

God bless you, old clown; I have come close to you more than once in these years; I have learned the life that exists beneath the paint and the tinsel; I have seen you convulse the spectators when a dying wife lay a thousand miles away, passing through the valley of the shadow; I have heard your merry jibes when death was pulling at your heartstrings: I have seen you in your motley garb, with the eyes of thousands on you, and seen death take you for his own but an hour later. I love you old fellow; you have a necromancer's wand that turns old age to youth, Ponce de Leon would have followed you in your peregrinations, and have let the everglades of Florida alone, had he known of you in time. They say your jokes are old—nay, they do assert that Noah put Shem, Ham and Japhet to sleep with them, but it's little matter. They gave me back my childhood the other night, and I stand pledged to listen to them as they

grow older and older that I may enjoy for an hour each year the journey back over hard roads and swollen streams and through almost impregnable passes into the sunny fields of childhood, and when death does end your jokes for all time, I'll stand by your resting place and lay a sprig of holly there, and give you the wealthiest tribute love can give to death —a tear.

A Tiny Bit of a Fellow.

A tiny bit of a fellow,
But he filled the house with noise,
Till I told him over and over again
He was worst of all the boys.

As I sat at my library table,
Trying to write for bread,
Time and again I gave it up
For the noises overhead.

And time and again I scolded him,
And begged him to keep still,
But he'd only say, between his sobs,
"Bime-by, dear Pop, I will."

And the "bime-by" is here now,
When the little man keeps still;
And there's silence—silence everywhere—
And a grave upon the hill.

I wish the hours were full of noise,
And the house a bedlam quite;
But I've only this awful silence
And that little grave to-night.

Platform Experiences.

When a boy of fifteen, I thought a lecturer necessarily greater than an actor, inasmuch as an actor only gave utterance to other men's ideas, whereas a lecturer held his audience by the originality and force of his own thoughts. Age and experience, however, have taught me that I was wrong in that belief. I have long since discovered that a lecturer may not only use the ideas of other men, but that, if he possesses magnetism or cheek, he can cut quite a respectable figure upon the platform and use no ideas at all.

Of course, I have reference here to lecturers who have no higher aim than to entertain the people, and who pose as teachers along well-known lines on things not new. I do not refer to the Beechers, Cooks, Phillipses and Goughs of the platform, but to that vast body of lesser lights who talk on literary and humorous topics, on temperance, or other reforms. A Proctor or a Stanley who has discovered something new in the heavens or upon the earth, by investigation or travel, a Beecher or a Cook, who has found out something new in metaphysics, draws and holds his audiences, not by his manner of presenting his discoveries, but by the matter itself.

But where the lecture platform has one such man as those mentioned, it has a hundred of lesser calibre, who, while claiming to be teachers, are not discoverers, and must consequently be judged as lecturers alone. It is this class which, if its representative possess but magnetism and a good advertising agent, can dispense "chestnuts" gathered from others' fields, or make up for the absence of even moldy ideas by a well-fitting dress suit, and a "stage presence" that carries everything before it.

The American love of "lions" is responsible for a great number of men on the lecture platform of to-day—men who could not draw a ten-dollar house save by the magic of their widely heralded peculiarities, or the title before their name. This class of men, knowing that their audiences come to see and not to hear, give themselves no trouble about their speeches nor the manner of making them. "Bunthorne" stormed the citadel of American judgment, and carried it, not by the force and originality of his ideas on art, which any American school girl could have equalled in a graduating essay; but by the fit of his knee breeches, the "gaucheries" of his manner, and his Absolomic hirsute adornment. When he got home he abandoned the small clothes, got his hair cut, and settled down to the enjoyment of his American golden fleece.

Among the "small bore" above referred to I have stood for some years, and these years have brought me into acquaintance with audiences in all sections of this country, as well as in other countries, and also familiarized me with the peculiarities of that altogether useless but inevitable appendage to a popular lecture, the chairman. This latter personage in Canada is usually a Member of Parliament, but in case Parliament is in session, an ex-Member, or some other high official, is chosen. In the United States, as a general thing, no effort is made by the lecture committee to get a prominent man for the position, the only endeavor made being to get one who can look an audience in the face and say a dozen words without allowing his knees to knock together too perceptibly, and his voice to desert him through stage fright. I have even seen a church janitor called upon to act as chairman, the audience and lecturer kindly waiting a few moments to allow him to put on his coat, which he had removed while he "rang the second bell." His introduction of the speaker was certainly witty, if brevity is all that wit needs, for it was simply: "Women and men. I'll introduce to the crowd Mister Jones. He going to talk."

And he did talk, and talked well, of the gloriously beautiful Yosemite country; but while many of his descriptions of scenery were grand and eloquent, I still think the introductory address of the chairman was the gem of the evening.

Called upon some years since to address an audience of several thousand people in an Indiana city, on the subject of temperance, I rose at the signal of the chairman, in all the majesty of my six foot two, to calmly argue with that great assembly for an hour and a half, after such an introduction as: "Ladies and gentlemen; I take pleasure in introducing Lou J. Beauchamp, of Hamilton, Ohio. A lean dog for a long race." The introducer's reasoning was correct. It was a long race, since I had not at that time fully digested the wise saying of the late Josh Billings, that "if a man can't strike oil in sixty minutes he's either got a poor auger, or he's boring in the wrong place."

Unquestionably the most original, and at the same time the most pleasant, introduction that ever fell to the lot of a public speaker was experienced by my learned and loyal friend, the Hon. John Sobieski, a decendant of the great Polish patriot and martyr, an exile himself, and for several years member of the Illinois Legislature. He was engaged some years since by a lecture committee in a Wisconsin city to deliver his famous lecture on "The Story of Poland; Her Heroes and Martyrs." Some member of the committee, just before the lecture, whispered to the chairman that the lecturer was the descendant of the great Polish officer, Sobieski, who was executed for patriotism. Imagine the consternation of lecturer, committeemen and audience when the chairman soberly, and seemingly with reluctance, introduced the speaker as "the son of a police officer who was hung for stealing potatoes." The chairman, although the Mayor of the city, was evidently not up in history.

At Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, the principal committeeman at one of my engagements there was an honest German.

He had selected and brought the chairman to the platform, but concluding that that worthy needed assistance he turned to the audience as he was about to leave the platform, on which the chairman and myself were seated, and said: "¡Laties und shentlemen, de kevire (phonetic spelling of 'choir' as he pronounced it) vill sing a song; Mister Smit, de preacher, vill pray; den de ke-vire will sing some more, und den our paid speaker vill speak." And inspired by such an introduction, I did speak.

A learned gentleman from Maine, who had an "Hon." before his name, was my chairman once, and his introductory speech occupied forty minutes. A little worn at its conclusion, and naturally somewhat upset, I only occupied thirty-five minutes in my address. It is due the chairman's erudition to admit that the forty minutes were not devoted to presenting the merits of the advertised lecturer to the audience, but rather to the making of a fairly good speech on the question which I had been invited to present from my standpoint to that particular gathering.

A Canadian chairman, as a general thing, introduces a lecturer neatly, courteously, and with dignity, and then endeavors to occupy his position in a grave, decorous fashion, seldom allowing himself to be moved by either the logic, eloquence, pathos or humor of the lecturer. If he has been moved he shows it in his concluding remarks, while putting the vote of thanks which is usually given a lecturer in England and its territories. An American chairman, on the contrary, enters as fully into the address as the most impressionable person in the audience, and applauds, laughs or weeps, with no endeavor whatever to hide his feelings behind the dignity of his high position.

I used to think that one of the chief sources of pleasure a lecturer would find would be in the variety of his audiences, in the many different faces and the ever changing *tout ensemble* of the gatherings before which he stood. But this be-

lief was soon taken from me by the cold facts of experience. Halls and churches may differ in size, form and decoration, but audiences all look alike. One may address a large audience one night in New York, the next night in Cleveland, the night following in Cincinnati, then on through Louisville and Nashville, down to the Gulf, and were it not for the differences in opera houses or churches, could easily imagine he had been speaking to the same audience night after night.

This has reference, of course, to the appearance of the audiences as viewed from the platform, and not to their treatment of the speaker and his subject. Audiences may look alike, but they don't act alike. Two audiences in cities but a dozen miles apart will differ in their reception of a lecturer and his subject. One audience will welcome a lecturer with applause at his entrance; the next waits to see if he is worth applauding. One audience cheers to the echo as the speaker tells of some deed of daring upon one of the world's great battle-fields; the next audience hears the same tale in perfect silence, but may cheer itself hoarse at a humorous anecdote, which had barely excited the former audience to a considerate smile. Now and then an audience is found that cheers or applauds whenever the lecturer stops for breath, and again I have frequently lectured where no sound of approval was heard during the entire evening. Yet an immediate engagement for an early return date would prove that the lecture had been satisfactory to the committee and audience. In fact, a lecturer does not need applause to tell him that he has won his audience. The upturned faces tell the tale. One of our humorists (wasn't it poor Charley Browne?) said that "a lecture was a success if more people remained in than went out during its delivery."

Certain audiences seem to take the lecturer into their good graces at once, and so long as he remains in the neighborhood the people vie with one another in paying him courtesy and making him feel among friends. The next

audience, on the contrary, may hear him patiently, courteously, and even enthusiastically, and yet will file out of the hall, and out of the speaker's life, with heads erect, as if saying: "You have amused, entertained or instructed us; we have paid the fee and are square with you. We owe you nothing, not even courtesy."

These differences of audiences are not due to sectional or geographical causes. The various audiences described can be found within any circle large enough to include a half-dozen good lecture cities or towns. Like the tariff question, as viewed by the late General Hancock, "it is a purely local matter."

At Niles, Ohio, I had occasion to use an anecdote of a drunken Irishman, in illustrating some particular point, and as I finished it to the general amusement of the audience, a tipsy Irishman, who had evidently taken umbrage at the story, sprang to his feet about half way down the aisle, and cried out: What the divil's the difference betwane a drunken Irishman and a Yankee lecturer?" "Thirty feet," I replied, on the instant, and the quickness of the retort, together with its good humor and aptness, not only brought down the house, but won an apology from the Hibernian after the lecture. Woe be to the lecturer, or political speaker, who cannot turn the laugh instantly on an irrelevant questioner or interrupter. Of course, a pertinent question demands a courteous answer, but occasionally a fool has something to say, who must be instantly laughed at or ridiculed off the floor, or his subsequent interruptions will cause annoyance and trouble. Of course, such experiences are more common to political speakers, but they have not infrequently happened to the writer, and, to his certain knowledge, to several other platform speakers.

At Mayfield, Ky., recently, I was compelled to retire from the platform for a time, unable to control my laughter at sight of a grave gentleman sitting directly in front of a hot

stove, who had hoisted a huge umbrella as a protection against the heat.

Among the experiences of a lecturer none are more worthy of note than the occasional visit of some good, motherly-looking woman, who brings with her a big-footed, freckled fellow, too large to be a boy, and not quite large enough to be a man, and who asks, in behalf of the boy aforesaid, if the lecturer thinks there is any chance for her "Jim to get a job o' lecturin'. Jim's read an awful sight, and can speak nigh a hundred pieces without any book or nothing, and besides he don't seem to take to any trade, and I thought maybe he might make a purty good speecher."

One may contentedly listen to and sympathize with such a woman, but I have been visited at times by fourth-class lawyers and self-sufficient but inefficient teachers, the bulk of whose stock in trade seemed to be assurance, who desired to know if I had any old lectures I had got tired of using, and would sell or give them, as they were thinking of "adopting the platform" as a profession. Such applicants always received scant courtesy, much less any sympathy. I have often wished that I could be present and hear such an application made to Joseph Cook, or that king of the platform, the late Henry Ward Beecher.

Taking it all in all, the life of a lecturer is hardly as enjoyable as I used to think it must be. True, in going from one end of the country to the other, year after year, one gets well acquainted with his native land and its people, but somehow or other, when the season's work is over, he seems to remember more perfectly the damp beds, the close rooms, the ill-cooked meals, and the unresponsive audiences, than the big-brained and large-hearted men and women he met, and the brighter moments of days that had so much of darkness in them, because of the absence of the loved ones whose presence makes light for every moment and every place.

A Mother's Story.

One died "on the field of honor,"
Before Shiloh's murderous fire,
And he's lying low, where the flowers blow,
By the side of his long dead sire.

My other, my fair-browed Benjamin,
Too young for that long, grim fight,
Remained at home by his mother's side,
And I tried to raise him right.

But the men of our little hamlet—
They were godly men and true—
Took a fee from a tavern-keeper,
For all we mothers could do.

They said that the money would help them
To lay new pavements down;
And it did, but the bricks were set in blood,
All around and through the town.

And Benjamin, last of his mother's four,
Went into the place one night,
And they gave him drink, and led him to play,
And he felt it must be right;

For the village fathers had blessed the place
And their wise permit to sell
Was nailed up, writ in good round hand,
Where the lamplight on it fell.

And night by night, and day by day,
My Benjamin went and came;
His eyes took on a glaring look,
And his face a look of shame.

I tried to warn and I tried to save,
But he laughed all my fears away,
And said the good men knew what was best
When they took the saloon man's pay.

I nursed my fears, and prayed to God
That my boy might not go
Through the winding ways of deadly drink
To the drunkard's home below.

I even went to the wise men
Who rule our little town,
And told them the curse their license act
On our hearts was bringing down.

But they laughed at me for a woman
Who knew no business ways;
I told 'em I only knew my boy,
And wanted him all my days.

They said there was no such danger
As my fond heart pictured out,
And that they were able to run the town,
And wanted no women about.

I told 'em they'd better have women
Than men who could not understand
That a license to sell meant sorrow and crime
By the written law of the land.

And they laughed and called me a foolish soul;
Though they could see the big tears start,
They could not feel as a mother feels
With a wearing pain at her heart.

At last it came, as I knew it would—
A night when my boy, drink-wild,
Was carried home; and on my breast,
Where he lay when a little child,

He rested for just a moment,
And then, with a maniac's shout,
He tore himself from his mother's arms,
And his ruined life went out.

"Woe unto him who giveth drink
To his neighbor," said our God;
And the wise men of our village
Will have to bow to the rod.

For had they not taken dollars
From the man who wanted to sell,
He could not have put the bottle
To the lips I loved so well.

They nerved his arm with their license
To hand the bottle round,
And it rested against my boy's lips—
And he's lying under the ground.

One died "on the field of honor";
With the heroes of old he'll stand
In the grand review on the judgment day,
Far up in the better land.

The other, my fair-browed Benjamin,
Must go to the drunkard's place,
Where the men who for dollars sold him to death
Will meet him face to face.

Always Tell Mother.

Until I left the profession to devote my time to the lecture field, I was a newspaper man, one of that army of tireless workers whose duty it is to watch the world's inner and outer life, and tell the whole story of man and woman's daily existence, whether it be good or bad, right or wrong, noble or shameful. And it is little wonder if many of our oldest newspaper men are pessimists. There seems to be so much of the bad, and so little of the good to be seen on the reporter's daily rounds. But I believe pessimism would not be adopted by the journalist, if he only had more time to give to himself, and was not compelled to devote all his waking hours to the ceaseless grind of his profession. There is a Talmage for every Harry Hill, a Peter Cooper for every John Sullivan, a Comstock for every Richard K. Fox. The trouble is, however, that the good men are unobtrusive, even in their most princely acts of good, while the bad men are always posing to catch the reportorial eye, and for once that the scribe is assigned to the home of the benevolent, he is sent a dozen times to the dens of infamy to report some crime. It is little wonder that such experiences soon rob him of what optimism might have been instilled into his nature by happy home experience before he joined the army of scribes.

Seeing thus continually the dark side of life, and compelled to be an amateur detective in working up the story of every wrong he reports, that not only the end, but the beginning as well, can be laid before his readers, the newspaper man is well fitted to talk with young people on the things of daily life that go to make or mark the character for time and

eternity. And out of the note-book of a newspaper man's experience I want to talk to the young girls who may read this volume.

An ordinary case of murder, where the victim is a rough who has met his death at the hands of a former boon companion, or the suicide of some discontented man, who, believing that the world owed him a living, was too lazy to collect it by honest work, does not draw very heavily on the reporter's small stock of sympathy. By such dead bodies the reporter stands as unconcerned as if they had never held a soul. But when he stands beside the cold form of some young girl, who with her own hand has solved the mystery that awaits us all the other side of the death chamber, because of a man's treachery and false vows, then something tugs at the heart of the oldest reporter, and his tears mingle involuntarily with those of the broken-hearted parents and friends. A dead president or millionaire is only so much inert matter to the average reporter, but a self-murdered girl is something different, and beside her the journalist drops his professional apathy, and becomes the brother, father, or lover; and as one or the other of these he puts himself in the place of those who hold like relation with the dead.

And right here I want to say to the girls who may read this article, that in all my newspaper experience I was never called upon to report the suicide or murder of a young girl, that I could not trace the beginning of her terrible end to the time when she first withdrew her confidence from mother. The moment a girl commences to do anything, or go to any place concerning which she is ashamed or afraid to "tell mother," that moment she opens a gate that leads to a path that ends only in disgrace.

A year ago a young girl in Sacramento shot her betrayer, and then committed suicide. Just before she died, she rallied from her stupor for a moment and said to her attendant: "Please don't tell mother." If the poor girl had only told

mother long before she would not have died thus in dishonor, a murderess and a suicide. But like most young girls of to-day this one may have thought that mother was a little old-fashioned, and hardly competent to decide what was best for a young girl under the changed conditions of modern society. So she took counsel only with her own desires, and the end was death. Mother may be old-fashioned, girls, but she can tell a libertine from a gentleman as far as she can see him. She can't play progressive euchre, perhaps, but she can tell you just where in the bible can be found the verse that promises length of days to those who honor their parents. Mother's hands are wrinkled and knotted and chapped, but that was because she was washing the dishes while you, my girl, was in the parlor singing "What is home without a mother," to that young dude who told you he read Shakespeare "when it first came out." While the crows-feet were coming around mother's eyes she was gathering experience, daughter, and if you will avail yourself of it you will never have cause to regret it.

Two years ago I attended the funeral of a young bride at Paducah, Ky. I won't mention any names, for there is no need of it. She was only eighteen years old when she died, and had been a bride but four months. Her husband was a congressman's son, but his high social position and brains did not keep him from the grog-shop. The poorgirl's parents feared the end, and when they learned that Lucy was going to entertainments with the young man, they begged her to give him up. But matters had already gone too far, although not a word had been told to mother, and one night the couple eloped and were married. Then to a neighboring large city the young couple went to commence their new life. But there were too many saloons and gambling rooms in the city, and into these went the young husband's money and honor, and the young wife's jewels and happiness. In four months the end came. The wife awoke one morning and

found herself alone in their poorly furnished room. By her side lay a note from her husband, which told her in cold, curt words, that he had deserted her, and that she had better start home at once. But she could not go home and face mother. She remembered how she had chose her own path, and never told her mother a word about it, until it had all been marked out clear to the very end of life. She was at the end now, and the end was all dark. Rather than face mother and her old friends she chose to face God, himself, and taking her husband's razor from the bureau drawer, she laid its bright blade on her fair, white throat and one more girl who failed to "tell mother," was at rest. Just one case out of a thousand, girls. Read to-morrow's paper and you will find another one. They happen almost daily.

Whenever a girl friend asks you to go to any place with her, and when you tell her you fear mother would not permit you to go, the girl then cautions you not to say anything to your mother about it, you had better leave her then and there, and permit her to drop out of your list of acquaintances. Have you ever noticed that no one has ever cautioned you, when they wanted you to go with them to church, or prayer-meeting, or Sunday-school? Such a caution comes only when you are asked to take a walk after school on some public street where the so-called "mashers," or male flirts are to be found. And so many good girls think there is no danger in just a slight flirtation! But girls, I have stood beside the dead bodies of nineteen girls who thought that, and most of them were mothers and not wives, and some had drowned themselves, and some committed suicide with knives, and others with poison or the pistol, and one had hung herself. Two of them had been brutally murdered by their betrayers, that discovery of their trouble might not lead to the punishment of the seducer. And every one of these poor girls were victims of not telling mother.

The young man who asks you to go to a dance or a show with him, and tells you to tell mother that you are only going to call on a young lady friend, is a seducer at heart. No respectable young man will go himself to a place of which he would not want a good woman to know, let alone asking a good girl to go with him. Tell such a young man that you prefer to remain home with mother, than to go to a place he knows mother would not approve of, and the next time he lifts his hat to you give him "the cut direct," by which he may know you have dropped him from your list of friends. It's the only safe way, girls.

And another thing, girls; dont "keep company" with a drinking man, no matter how moderate he may claim to be in desire for intoxicants. The respect, and even the affection such a man may have for you, when sober, may change to passion's deadly desires, when he is even but slightly under the influence of drink, and you may be subjected to insult of the deadliest kind. Strong drink is the devil's chief instrument in winning souls, and it has all of his devilish characteristics in it. A single glass can make a good man forget his long life of purity, and honor; can make youth forget his pure sisters at home, and his earlier life of cleanliness, and the saint under its influence is for once the sinner. If a young man whom you like asks for companionship with you, tell him so long as he and the saloon-keeper are out of partnership you have no objection, providing mother is willing, but as soon as his appetite takes him into a grog-shop he can stay on the other side of your father's front door.

If this advice comes too late to any one who shall read it, and she has already accepted the company of a drinking young man, let me insist upon it that the matter shall go no farther. If he asks for your hand in marriage put him on immediate probation to let drink alone, and not expect a favorable answer to his proposition till he and his appetite have dissolved partnership forever. Don't tell me that you can reform a

man with an appetite after the wedding. A man who won't stop drinking for the girl he loves, and who does'nt belong to him, is not going to stop drinking for the wife he has, and who can't get away from him. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where a young girl marries a man to reform him, she marries a drunkard and he marries a fool. It may be champagne and broadcloth and silk at the start, dear girl, but the end will very probably be hunger and rags and the poor fund. I know one exception to this gloomy picture, girls, and my wife could tell you about if she would, but for this one exception I can remember more than ninety-nine on the dark side, during my experience as a newspaper man.

The trouble with too many young girls to-day is, that they fear to refuse their first offer lest they may not get another one, and thus be compelled to live and die old maids. My good girls, you had better live old maids to the age of a hundred, with nothing better to kiss than an old tortoise shell cat, and die in the odor of sanctity, and go to heaven where you'll forget you were ever an old maid before you've been there ten minutes, than to marry the first fellow that asks you, only to find out, when too late, that you have married a drunkard and a brute, or a poor little seven by nine dude, who only got married because he was afraid to sleep alone, and whom you will have to support by your own exertions. Some of the best women that ever lived were old maids, girls, and some of the world's meanest women would have been of far greater use to the world if they had been of the same class. The highest aim of a girl's life is not necessarily marriage. I can't help but think that the world would have been a good deal worse than it is, if Frances E. Willard and Susan B. Anthony had snapped at the first fellow that offered himself when they were sixteen. Of course I don't mean that either of these dear women are old maids, but they are at least old enough to know that single-blessedness, so-called, is no bar to high endeavor and noble deeds for the world's

advancement. And single-blessedness has no dishonor, or self-imposed want in it, and it beats double-cussedness out of sight.

If I was asked to invent a motto to rule a young girl's life, a motto to be placed on the walls of every school, from the lowest grade of the public school up to famed Vassar, it would simply be:

ALWAYS TELL MOTHER.

So Runs the World Away.

"Give me but gold," the beggar cried,
"And the world shall blossom and bloom
As it has not done since the Eden days
Were brought out of chaos and gloom.
I will drive gaunt hunger from off the earth,
The poor into plenty shall have a new birth,
The heavy hearts shall have cause for mirth,
And in pleasure shall all abide."

And a message came in legal lore:
"*He is dead*, and his wealth is thine."
He signed the papers and got the gold,
And in velvet sat at his wine.
The winds without howled shrill and cold;
In rags and tatters a woman old
Came begging, for hunger had made her bold,
And he spurned her from his door.

How to Live.

A TEN MINUTE SERMON.

"Then let us fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
With all the virtues we can crowd into it."

—*Addison's Cato.*

Sardanapalus, the ancient autocrat of the Orient, once formulated an expression, that speedily became an aphorism, as follows: "Eat, drink and love; all the rest are not worth a fillip." Although the critical minds of the ages have looked upon this trite utterance as blasphemous, it may yet be looked upon with kindlier thought. Generated in a brain entirely gross and material, it has been accepted as a species of moral (or perhaps immoral) shibboleth, by a certain class of life's students since Sardanapalus' day. These followers of the ancient Greek have closely observed the salient features of his worldly philosophical cry, and their lives have been one long endeavor to sip all the sweets from the flowers of existence without paying for their sustenance by leaving, as does the bee, a hive of honey. Their gods have ever been the lusts of body, mind and soul, and no unbeaten track of the world's vast maze has been opened by these misguided mortals to add another chapter to the history of creation. Satisfied when the baser man was satiated, they have taken life as a game in which the winner was he who tasted the least of bitterness.

But the utterance of the dead Greek may be looked upon in a better sense. We have a right to enjoy life. Our entrance into the world gives us power to do but two things

—to live and to die. Nothing else is obligatory upon us from the start. Having then these two things to accomplish, it is best that we do them well. Each should be made the most of.

"Since every man is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal minds, what happens let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond a care.
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend:
The world's our aim, and death the journey's end."

So said Dryden, and in such a sense it is well to took upon these two sole prerogatives of our existence. It is a duty we owe to the one All-Wise to go over the journey of life cheerfully, and not as the slave, whip-marked, goes to his daily toil. Surely this world is bright enough for song and jest and merry speech. Dark are the clouds at times, but never yet so dark that there comes not a sunbeam soon or late. Why give up hope if the heavens be black and the heart heavy?

"Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds have shifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning."

We have a right to "eat, drink and love," if we go no farther and assert that "all the rest is not worth a fillip." We have a right to the sunshine, the carol of the lark, and the bird within the heart. He who gave us life, gave the beautiful as its accompaniment, and he who accepts the gift and lives happily is the wisest of all. Let priests in dungeon cell whip the tender flesh, and make each nerve to fret in the name of God, if they will. They are as far from the golden mean of the Great Creator's intention as was Sardanapalus in

his but half-wise aphorism. Surely the builder of the wondrous mechanism of the violet did not give that tiny flower to us, if it were not to inhale the fragrance. The piping choirs of the forest were not sent with man into existence if man's ear was to be closed to the music of the birds. The sun was not created that man should turn from its cheering rays. There was a purpose in these brighter gifts that came with the great gift of creation, and the wise man accepts them all with thanks, and mingles his praises with the matins of the birds and his gratitude with their vespers.

A material life, like that advised by the Greek, is never successful or happy. We have not lived all of life until the moment of our death, and the life that has been wholly devoted to pleasure never ends well when the vast mechanism is being stilled by the hand of disease. But he who takes his pleasure wisely, who "eats, drinks and loves," and yet does all in the name of good intentions and laudable desires; who smiles when the birds sing, and the sun shines, and can accept his share of clouds and sorrow with uplifted eyes, and a heart without rebellion, will die well, and so have lived successfully.

Life is not, as Shakespeare said: "A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." It is the highest duty of the created to the Creator. It is something given in trust, as were the talent to the servants of the holy writ, to be answered for at the last, and woe to him whose life has been buried and unproductive. Life is a debt we owe, and its payment depends upon its accomplishments. He who makes one blade of grass the more to brighten the plain has paid his debt, and the gates will open to his departing soul. He who has taught the ignorant child to read the printed page will get a receipt in full. He who lightened the burden from the bent back of the slave, although his own existence may have paid therefor, stands square upon the book balanced by the accounts of Heaven. Nihilism,

with its shameless ignorance, may murder kings, but kings who have made the sufferings of the slave to cease can well afford to die. Blind hate and sectional prejudice may lay low the ruler of a republic, but that ruler who first made a republic of his nation by freeing the limbs of the oppressed from the shackles of their slavery can afford to lay his life for judgment before Him who gave it.

Good living advised by Sardanapalus, is not inconsistent with good dying. There is nothing irreligious in the well browned cake, the dainty conserve, the regal haunch of mutton. These are not sins against the soul, yet all these things become sins if life has no further aim. "The glutton and the drunkard shall come to poverty; drowsiness shall clothe him as with a garment."

The good things of life were given by God to man. He who made us in His own image wants us to live bright and sunshiny lives, and though he send clouds and cares and sorrows, there is compensation in abundance. Let us not emulate the extreme of the Greek, upon the one hand, nor that of the anchorite upon the other. Let us live for the shining of the sun, the singing of the birds, the prattle of the babe. Let us take these things gladsomely and the darker clouds and burdens of existence uncomplainingly, looking ever higher and higher to the One wiser than we, who "doeth all things well." Let us find the golden mean of life and walk along its flower-strewn path, and God will not be mocked if we sing a wordly song, or sup upon the dainties of the epicure. And when we, too, are about to take the one final step into the beyond, let us leave life gladly behind us, and go with a smile and a song into the grave; rather

> "As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
> And lies down to pleasant slumber."

Unanswered.

If we could see the end
  Waiting for us down the way,
The coming of life's night time—
  The closing of life's day;
The last of all our trials, our troubles and our pains,
  The last of all our losses, the last of all our gains;
Would the hours seem as moments,
  Or would they seem too long?
Would our hearts beat faint and fainter,
  Or would they beat more strong?

There are joys that give us heartaches,
  There are pains that seem as kisses;
There are depths that lift us skyward,
  There are heights that seem abysses:
And our lives are not the brightest
  When the sunniest hours enfold them;
Our hearts are often lightest
  When the heaviest sorrows hold them.

And these strange contrary feelings
  Make us hold life's thread in wonder,
As we see by faith no farther
  Than by sight, wherewith we blunder;
So we look toward the ending
  Of our cares, and trials, and blisses,
And ask if death is darkness,
  Or only light and kisses.
But no answering word comes to us—
  No replies, and no suggestions;
Doubt and fear each hour assail us,
  Yet each hour brings newer questions.

And the end, though coming nearer,
  Is no nearer in its easing.
For the heart keeps on its wondering,
  And the soul keeps on its teasing;
And the Sphinx of doubt and fear,
  Still the soul doth tear and rend,
With its joyful, vexful question—
  What if we could see the end?

A Crank's Answers to a Fool's Objections.

No. I.

The opponents of Prohibition have a stock set of objections which they fire at us day after day in about the order indicated. To these objections I append my stock answers:

"*High License will close half the saloons.*"

What of it? High License does not take the appetite for drink out of half the drinkers in the community. Consequently, with the old number of drinkers, the closing of half the saloons only means double business for the half able to pay the High License. The saloon-keepers unable to pay the license hire out to those who can pay it, and thus take care of their old customers in the new places. Wherein is the gain to the temperance cause?

"*High License will close the low Doggeries.*

The old drunkard we have little hope of; we are after the rising generation. The young learn to drink in the fine saloons owned by men able to pay any license. These places give them their early teachings and then promote them to the secondary department, the low groggeries, to have their education in the drink college "finished." From the low doggeries they graduate into the gutter and the grave. And there must always be both the low and the high saloons so long as the whisky seller is a "political quantity," as he is to-day in every city in the land. If he can't pay High License with the profits of his trade, he can get it paid by "political 'fluence." Help us to shut up the primary department in the school of vice—the high-toned saloon—and we can soon stamp out the doggeries.

"*The license money gives a revenue to the town.*"

Yes! And the licensed traffic in drink gives a revenue to the jailer, the hangman, and the cemetery association. It gives money enough to pay for a hearse, and a coffin, and *we*, the parents, furnish the corpses. Ten cents worth of licensed whisky makes a man commit a murder. The town gets two cents in revenue, perhaps buries the victim, pays $2,000 to try the murderer, and then gives the sheriff $200 for hanging him. Profit to the town—I haven't time to figure it out.

"*High License puts the sale of liquor into the hands of more respectable men.*"

What has the respectability of the seller got to do with the want of respectability in that which he sells, and the altogether damnable results of that which he sells? If a minister of the Gospel gives your boy drink, and it produces drunkenness, congestion of the brain, and death, you will not bewail his loss, will you? No; you will merely thank God that your boy died at the hands of a most respectable member of society. But I fear, my man, you can't get your boy's mother to look upon his loss in that light. An angel from Heaven might sell drink, but it would still be that "invisible spirit of wine," which Shakespeare, having no better name, concluded to call "devil," and nothing which is devilish can have any respectability about it.

"*High License lowers my taxes.*"

Yes—but at the spigot; you still lose at the bung-hole. The saloon-keeper pays $100 per year to sell drink, takes $10,000 out of the people's pockets, and causes $5,000 worth of legal expenses in trying the criminals made by his drink. But if the crimes cost less than the license fees come to, these latter, while lowering your taxes, would lower your boys as well, lower your neighbors, lower the moral and spiritual condition of your community, and lower you, yourself; for a

man who is willing to go into partnership with a whisky seller, to get a few cents knocked off his taxes, gets a little lower than the saloon-keeper, for from the latter we look for nothing better.

"But I'm a Christian and a temperance man, sir: you surely would not make me a partner with the seller of drink?"

Oh yes! Back of the saloon-keeper stands his license; back of his license stands the party that granted it; back of the party that granted it stands the sovereign people; and so long as the people are satisfied with political parties that grant license and permission to kill to the liquor traffic, that long the people must be satisfied at being placed in the Legalized Murder Firm of "Whisky, Party and People" (unlimited). Of course you're a Christian, but you're not working at your religious trade steadily. The young man who bit into a codfish ball thinking it was a doughnut, thought there "was something dead in that doughnut." There seems to be something dead in the Christianity of that man who can vote the same ticket with the whisky seller and the political demagogues and political demijohns. What satisfies a whisky-seller politically can't satisfy a clean christian. When the mule got its hind hoof in the stirrup in kicking at the flies, the Dutchman on its back said: "Vell, if you're going to get on, I'm going to get off." Get off that tricky political mule, brother, and prove your Christianity.

"But Prohibition don't prohibit!"

Why?

The law is violated.

Go to! Get thee to a hennery and pray for brains. We are living this side of the millennium, brother, and just now God's prohibitory laws don't prohibit; that is if violations of laws so prove. "Thou shalt not kill," said God; yet there is a murder in this country every fifty minutes. "Thou shalt not steal," said God; but there is a theft of over $100 in

value every ten minutes in this country, and a petty theft every three minutes. According to your argument God's prohibitory laws are a failure, and they should be wiped off his statutes and the church should issue High License to kill and steal. I say, brother, wouldn't you take out a license and go gunning yourself occasionally? The Prohibition law, however, does prohibit every body but criminals and outlaws from violating it. And from the beginning that class have had to be educated by the penalties attached to the laws, rather than by the laws themselves. The men who are violating our prohibition laws, in deep, dark dens where God's sunlight never enters, are being slowing but surely unearthed, as we draw nearer to our country's moral millennium, and when they are given six months in jail on dried apples for breakfast, warm-water for dinner and "swell-up" for supper, they are no longer like you, brother. They are thoroughly convinced that Prohibition does prohibit. If Prohibition does not prohibit, it can only be proven on the same line of reason which would argue that Christianity does not Christianize, because poor little Bobbie Ingersoll, the dear soul, is not yet a Methodist preacher.

"*We are not educated up to Prohibition, and must not pass laws in advance of the people.*"

You don't say so? Why, my dear brother, that's just what THE VOICE and the hundred other papers and the thousands of speakers are at work at now, and we want the law so as to know where to take you fellows who are "down." The law educates. If Moses had told his God that the prohibitory laws of the Ten Commandments were "too far up" for the people, the children of Israel would have had a new leader in about fifteen minutes. God, however, gave Moses the laws and sent him down the mountains to bring the people up to those laws. Help us to get a prohibitory law, and we will soon get the people right. The law will educate the good class, and the criminal class will be educated by the penalty attached to the law.

Love's Last Words.

To-day we are walking hand in hand,
And our loves knit us close as the winds that meet
And join their forces in one great blast
Of the winter's cold or the summer's heat,
To-morrow—who knows? You may walk alone,
Or sit by a form strangely still and white,
That will not respond to your kisses or tears—
The lips will be cold and the eyes flash no light.

You will think I am dead, and your heart may ache,
And your lips will fail to keep back the moan,
As you think of life's path so dark and drear,
And you who must travel it ever alone.
But it will not be so; men fall to dust,
But love lives on in an endless life,
And mine for you will be true and strong,
And hold you free from all care and strife.

Nay, do not weep; it is better so,
An earth love fails in the crowded street,
For faces of women have power to change
The living heart to a living cheat;
But the grave lays a bar on love that flies
As butterflies spring from flower to flower,
And the love that springs from a dead man's tomb
Holds fast to its own with a deathless power.

So let us walk till the shadows come,
And feel we are one for the years of time;
The sun will sink from our eyes full soon,
But will rise at once in a sweeter clime:
So this earthly body of mine will fall
By the way, by and by, and the heart grow chill,
But the love of my soul will follow you on
And bless you and guard you and guide you still.

What! tears? Nay, nay, my own true one;
The journey I take through the dark is brief;
I shall wake in the land of eternal light,
And know never more aught of pain or grief;
If you cannot live on the love I leave,
And hunger for more as the years grow late,
Lie down, bid the heart's faint beating cease,
And I'll be waiting outside the gate.

A Crank's Answers to A Fool's Objections.

No. II.

"Why don't you Temperance cranks enforce the laws we now have?"

How they do throw that question at the "cranks" all over the country! My dear fool, it is easily answered. It doesn't do any good. In the first place, the hammer of Disraeli's logic hit the nail on the head when he said: "A traffic that is permitted by law has the right to be protected and defended by law." The laws "we now have" are your laws, not ours, dear fool. We did not help to pass them, for they merely aim at restriction while they permit life to the traffic. They *aim* at restriction—but they don't hit it. They don't come any closer to it than the darky thought the cross-eyed butcher would come to the bullock's head, which the darky was holding by the horns for the butcher to slaughter with the ax. "Boss," said the African, "you 'gwine to hit whar you look?" "Certainly." "Then, I golly, you hold this beast yo'self." Why don't you enforce your own laws. When we get Prohibition then we'll enforce it. But after you give a man the right to sell whiskey, and he sells it and the buyer drinks it, you can't regulate or hinder the results, no matter how strong the restrictive features of the permissive law may be. You might as well talk about regulating the gentleman who presides over Sheol by tying one of Talmage's sermons to his caudal appendage. Your little boy gets bit by your neighbor's vicious dog. You have the neighbor arrested for harboring such a beast. Good! The Mayor fines

him $10 and costs. Better!! He orders a policeman to kill the dog. Best!!! But over the way yonder is the dog of drink. The vicious animal attacks your boy, and so injures him that he lies prone in the gutter—his body bitten, his mind bitten, his soul bitten. Now you come along and say: "Go to the laws: enforce them against the keeper of the dog of drink," and you send for the officer. Does he arrest Patsy McGinnis, the dog's owner? Not much, Mary Ann. He sees the dog's chain and a license that you yourself helped to put about the dog's neck back of the bar. What does he do? He winks at McGinnis and arrests your boy. What for? For getting bit, my dear fool. The Mayor fines him $10 and costs for standing so close to the dog, and then he and you, and perhaps your minister, go next day and elect McGinnis to the Board of Alderman, and the next week, when your boy gets another bite, you come whining to us to ask why we don't enforce the laws we now have. They are laws to protect the saloon-keeper, Oh, fool, not to protect the boy or the home, and that's why we don't waste our time with them, but rather are trying to get laws that will work just the other way.

"*Why don't you carry on the moral suasion work of pledging? That is the only work that is effective.*"

The question shows that you never have done much of that work yourself. Every Prohibitionist in the land was born into the Prohibition party out of the moral suasion ranks. We tried to kill the liquor traffic by getting the boys to sign the pledge, thinking that by taking the calf away the cow would go dry; but just as soon as we got *our* calf to amble away, the whiskey-seller had another calf ready to commence at the teat. In other words, we found that while we were educating drunkards to become sober men, the open saloons were educating sober men to become drunkards. Whenever we found a drunkard in the hole of degradation, we lifted him

up and carried him to the pledge meeting, but we had to leave the hole open, and before our backs were turned, some one else fell into it. We are still trying to save the drunkard, and we think the best way will be to plug up that hole. Did you hear of the lady who went into the kitchen and found water six inches deep on the floor, and Biddy industriously bailing it up. "Why, what's the matter, Biddy?" says the mistress. "Faith, mum, some spalpeen left the faucet open, and the water has been running the whole night. I'm trying to get rid of it, but the more I dip it up and throw it out, the more it gets higher, mum." "Well, have you turned the faucet off, Bridget? "Glory to God!" cried the servant, "I niver thought o' that." That was our trouble, dear fool. We were bailing the boys out of the stream of drink, while the open faucet of the legalized saloon kept the stream bank full all the time. So now we carry the pledge in one hand for the benefit of the individual, and the ballot in the other hand for the benefit of the State and Nation. The one way for the victims already made; the other will "turn off the faucet," and so stop the making of other victims.

"*You can never build up your new party. I am a Prohibitionist in principle, but I'll wait for my party to give it to us.*"

All right. Where shall we send you word when your party adopts Prohibition, in Heaven or Chicago? Please leave your address for the next few centuries ahead. Your party is at least thirty-five years old; the other party is some years older. Now thirty-five years ago whiskey had the same devil of alcohol in it it has to-day. It made murderers, suicides, paupers, brutes and criminals of all grades then as it does now, and yet in all those years your party has done nothing. Now if it takes it a third of a century to do nothing, how many thirds of centuries more will it take it to do something? First class in common-sense arithmetic stand up. "A tree is known by its fruit," and the wise God-man said

the barren tree should be cut down. Now, your political tree hasn't given us much fruit; has it, now? The law by which, for so many years, your party got ninety cents on every gallon of liquor made and twenty-five dollars from every man who sold any of it, hasn't a very fruity flavor, has it? Well, dearly beloved, these are some of the reasons why so many of us are trying to cut that tree down. There are too many deaths and graves and crimes and heart-aches and soul-wrecks every day to permit us to wait for that party's new birth, and so we've been doing a little of the "borning" business ourselves. The babe was weakly at first, and some of its best friends laughed at it, and even its old godmother, Neal Dow, never sent it a cup or a spoon. But, Lord bless you, how it did grow! It wears pants and suspenders, and is thinking of putting on a long-tailed coat, while its VOICE is heard from Maine to California.

"*The Democratic party is the party of the people. Can't we look for help from that party?*"

Why, certainly, you can. Get a good compound spy-glass and look all you want to. But don't look in hope, unless you want to die in despair. Down South the Democratic party is doing nobly, but the party, nationally, is controlled by its Northern leaders, and they by the Northern sellers and the Southern makers, and, consequently, we can get nothing from them in a national sense. The only satisfaction they have ever given us has been like that given Dennis McCarthy by the New York Board of Public Works. He went to the Mayor and said: "Say, the wather pipes in me house done busted and filled the cellar nearly to the ceiling, and drowned forty-seven of my chickens that I kape down there." "I've got nothing to do with that," said His Honor; "go to the Board of Public Works." "Go to the divil—didn't I go to them, and what satisfaction did I get? I told them the pipes busted in the cellar and drowned the chickens

I kape there, and they said to me; 'McCarthy, why the divil don't ye kape ducks?—they'd swim.'"

"*Well, the question will have to be settled some way, but not by your party of cranks. The Republican and Democratic parties will kill you dead in the next campaign.*"

Well, they may kill the party, but they can't kill the principle we advocate, for it is based on God's eternal law of "Thou shalt not," and God's principles will live till they have righted every wrong, wiped away every tear, lifted every fallen man, made happy every weeping woman and starving child. If your two great parties do "kill us dead" in the next campaign, we'll die like our Master died, crucified between two—you can put in the appropriate word for yourself, dear fool, while I sign myself yours truly,

LOU J. BEAUCHAMP,
One of the Cranks.

Love and Death.

They say she is dead, that her life went out
Last night as the clock struck eight;
That the bride of a year at the altar stood
Again with another mate;
A mate called Death, who bore her away
To a couch more quiet than mine,
Where the love kiss comes from the lips of the worm,
And the grave-damp symbols the wine.

'Tis false, and the liars who speak it know
That they lie, for she left me but now,
With the old-time light shining out of her eyes,
And the old-time kiss on my brow.
If death wants her body 'tis his, I say;
Her love and her kisses are mine,
And the love is as sweet as the love of gods,
And the kisses are sweeter than wine.

Life's Atoms.

A TEN MINUTE SERMON.

How unsatisfying must be the life of that man who is so intent upon attaining a goal somewhere in the dim future that his vision does not behold the lesser elements that go to make up a perfect life. To hurry through the best years we call our own in order to accomplish some cherished purpose is to resolutely close our eyes to the brightest beams of the sun of existence—the little things along the vast causeway of human being.

There are men who, with that utilitarian method that comes of over self-sufficiency and want of counterpoise of mind, can measure the rainbow with a glance, and wish it could be cut into ribbons for the neck-circlet of a this-world Diana, who wears corsets and high heeled shoes, and who look at the feathery spray of seaweed only as the fundamental principle of iodine with which to ward off the next attack of rheumatism, and upon the crocus as so much veratrine to undo the effects of late suppers and want of gastric juice. A life made too material is a life only half lived—a wasting of the better and finer parts of man's nature. Aphrodite, to the prude, who eats intellectual prunes, and sees only prisms, must needs be dressed by the latest modiste before becoming presentable, and the Greek Slave is to him or her the embodiment of vulgarity and sensuality. Such persons go through life as if it were a race for worldly position, with their eyes fixed upon some object in the distance while they pass by unnoticed the small atoms of beauty lying all along their way.

It is in the little things that may be found hidden the sweets of life. The man who treasures the annonymous sonnet, clipped from a provincial paper, with more of tenderness than he does his Horace or his Milton; who weeps when he reviews the life and death of Little Nell and of Dora, and reads calmly of Napoleon in the Alps, and the downfall of Nero; who cares little for Tiberius Cæsar breathing out his gloomy soul, but sorrows with the Vicar of Wakefield with all his heart, is the man who lives that each day may be full of tenderness, because he stoops to where the little things —the mere threads and thrums of life— are scattered.

A Waterloo or Plevna may dot the plain of life with grandeur, but what would life be if all its days were to be spent directing batteries, charging enemies, and winning victories for the ages to tell? There must be a breathing spell if man is perfect. A Wellington or a Cromwell is not the type of a perfect existance. Nearer akin to super-excellence is Humboldt directing his energies to the gathering of a rare herb, or the examination of a rock in the south of a strange continent.

It is not the memories of the grandest achievements that fill the mind of the right-living man with the most pleasure. It is the thought of some day long ago, when the hours were passed upon a pleasant hillock or beside a babbling brook, singing a song of peace, or by an old elm upon a village common, that makes the heart calm and satisfied for the time being. It is not a Meissonier or a Thompson showing us upon canvas the charge at Balaclava or the "Last Attack of the Grenadiers" that satisfies us most completely, but a tender bit of sentiment from some artist hand long motionless, and whose name has long since been forgotten, that goes deepest into our natures. Neither is it the grand TeDeum, swelling from rafter to rafter, that lifts us nearer to heaven,

but the plaintive, soul-reaching "Nearer, my God, to Thee," of a blind singer who died for want of bread.

We hurry through life too fast, many of us; we have no tender thoughts for loved ones, no eyes for bright but unobtrusive pictures of life, no ears for words spoken only for the one to harken and not the mass. Our eyes, our hands and our spiritual eyesight are lifted upwards and onwards, when much might be gained by letting them rest for a moment under the shade of a poplar tree by the wayside, or upon a bit of meadow wound round by a shining brook that murmurs pleasantly as the cattle slake their thirst from its slowly flowing current.

It is the daisies that baby claps its hands over, and not the stately calla or the haughty dahlia. It is Sheila we take into our hearts and not Corinne. We weep for Mercy Merrick and drop only a sigh for Lady Jane Gray's memory. We feel for her who bore through life the Scarlet Letter on her bosom, while we passed over the history of a DeMaintenon or a Jeanne D'Arc unmoved. It is not the lofty deeds of bravery nor the grandest flights of fancy that anchor us most securely to life's enjoyment and a better moral nature; it is the smaller elements that come to our knowledge from nature and the world of art and letters.

If more of us would scan the things that are lowly, what new life would become a part of our being. Some one noticed a flower girl in the streets of a city and the world bows at the shrine of a Patti; some one stooped to a Norwegian peasant girl and transformed her into a Nilsson; a Lincoln was pushed up the ladder of fame by some one whose eyes were not constantly above the level line of life; a Burns stepped from a plow furrow; a Shakspeare from the hut of a woolcomber.

Just as great men and women have come up from the lower walks of life so can man bring himself up higher by stooping. We stoop to the pink and inhale a fragrance the

sunflower does not possess for all its haughtiness; we bend to the strawberry and find a fruit more luscious than the peach with golden cheeks, and apple reddening beyond our reach.

We lose much of "life's best poetry" by not stooping in our hurry-scurry through life to look at beauties by the wayside. Life is not all beyond to-day. Did we not press onward so swiftly we would have more of sunshine and less of shadow, more of joy and less of sorrow. The proper life is the life that seizes hold of the joys that are within reach and is not constantly struggling and sighing for that which can only be attained after years of weary effort. The present has all the pleasures the future can possess; whether we find them or not is in ourselves and not in our fates.

A Song For A Boy I Love.

Keep ahead of the world, if you can, my boy,
'Tis the only sure way to succeed,
If you ere fall behind, 'twill be hard to get back
To the spot where you once had the lead;
And there's no way to win in the battle of life,
So easy, so safe, and so sure,
As to have a few dollars ahead of your wants—
For most of life's ills 'tis the cure.

But you never get dollars till first you get pence,
As from acorns the mighty oaks grow;
Work hard, and work ever, and save as you toil
No matter if progress seems slow;
Thus be true to yourself in the years of your youth,
And you'll rest without worry when old;
Save the pennies to-day, into silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Let the fools try to tempt you to pleasures to-day,
That will take the small coin from your purse;
Store your brain in the hours they give to the world
With knowledge, you'll not be the worse;
For labor, and study, and saving in youth
Will give rest and content when you're old
And the pennies to-day will be silver full soon,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Fair Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,
'Tis the place we have dreamed of alway,
But those Alps must be climbed by the stout limbs of youth
Ere by Tiber we pass age away;
So work, my brave boy, in the years of your strength,
If you want rest and plenty when old,—
Take care of your pennies, to silver they'll turn
And the silver will grow into gold.

A Night at a German Circus.

Our tour in foreign lands was drawing to a close.

We had already "done" England and Scotland, France, Switzerland and Italy, and only Belgium and Ireland were between us and home, after we should finish Germany. We had seen all the sights in all the principal cities of the countries named, and had left Heidelberg, its grand old castle, and the Big Tun behind us only that morning, and at five P. M. landed at Mayence.

The omnibuses of the hotel were outside the station, and as Durkee and I climbed to our usual place on the driver's seat, a peculiar feeling came over me. It wasn't homesickness, for a fellow who has traveled eleven months out of every twelve for nearly a decade of years has no right to such feeling, but I longed for something that would remind me of the home country for all that. Suddenly the feeling found expression, and I said:

"Frank, if there is anything in the world that would give me a feeling of perfect satisfaction it would be a genuine, old-fashioned circus. If I could go to a circus tonight I would be perfectly happy. I know I could understand it, and that's more than I can say of the concerts and theatrical entertainments we have been to on this trip;" and Frank was of my way of thinking, as his: "You bet your bottom dollar," immediately told me.

We had been to the Grand opera at Paris, to a Sunday night concert at the Kursaal in Geneva, and to various places of amusement in Italy, but not understanding the language spoken had lost the greater part of the possible enjoyment.

But I knew I could understand the circus, and hence my soul cried out for such an entertainment.

Our hotel was situated on the bank of the Rhine, and was directly opposite the beautiful Stadt hall, which faced the principal public square. In front of it stood a couple of impassive soldiers, who counted our party and watched us closely as we dismounted from the omnibuses and entered the hotel. We had no sooner got to our rooms than the polite proprietor was at our door, begging pardon for disturbing us, but requesting that we fill up a blank he had the honor of offering us, and return to him soon as possible. On examination this was found to be a blank form issued by the government, the proper filling up of which was essential to our remaining for any length of time in Germany outside of jail. Having no desire to cause the emperor or his family any uneasiness I at once proceeded to allay any possible fears they might have had by putting down my name, age, nativity, place of residence, occupation, destination, (in this world,) and probable length of stay in Mayence. All of the party having written out the same useful and interesting bits of autobiography the landlord gave them to the waiting soldiers, who, finding that the number tallied with the tab they kept, as we alighted from the omnibuses, saluted the hotel man and marched proudly away.

Having finished this and performed the necessary toilet maneuvers, I looked out of the window, and at once remarked in a tone of the deepest pathos, "Great Guns!"—There was a circus tent not fifty yards from the hotel—a genuine, old fashioned, one-ringed circus.

"Hey, Rube," I shouted, and leaving the Duchess to fear that I had taken a fit I started frantically on the hunt for Durkee.

Up stairs and down stairs I flew, the while the more or less good-looking chamber maids smiled at me in the sweetest possible way, evidently imagining that we were all of the

"rich Americaine" genus, and would come down handsomely in the way of fees. At last I found the young fellow in his room on the top floor, a little south-east of the evening star, and slapping him on the back till I heard his backbone and breastbone rub together, I explained my hilarity by saying:

"Frank, my boy, the Lord still looks after his own; ths circus is here."

I though he would drop dead on the spot. He was as delighted over the matter as I was, and after we had hugged each other in the exuberance of our feelings, I went down stairs to hug the Duchess. It was a good thing none of the chambermaids were in sight just then, for I believe on my soul I would have shut my eyes and hugged the last one of them. I found her small majesty, the Duchess, in great excitement over my peculiar actions, but taking her to the window I pointed to the circus, and her fears as to my having gone crazy were at once dispelled, and she graciously remarked that I had better hurry over and get our seats at once.

In the hotel office I encountered the minister from Seattle and the lady of the Boston Museum of Art, These good souls courteously asked the company of the Duchess and myself to the concert to be given that evening in the Stadt hall opposite.

"Concert be hanged," I replied, forgetting my politeness and my sincere respect for both the preacher and the authority on art in the excitement of the moment. "I've heard singing for the last six weeks without understanding a word, and now I'm going where I can understand the whole performance; as a genuine American citizen I propose going to a genuine American entertainment, a genuine old-fashioned, one-ringed circus."

The lady from Boston never turned a hair, but I could see the face of the minister take on a sad expression, and I knew the old Adam had got a sudden awakening within him; I knew he was for the moment way back of all his dignity

and his years, and was once more a bare-foot boy following the band as it led the old-time circus into his native village. When he faced me there was a longing look in his eyes, but like a great, good man as he was, he changed it as quickly as possible, and endeavored to seem satisfied, and let me say it to his credit, he said never a word to me about the sinfulness of going to the circus.

The price of tickets to the circus was from sixty pfennings up to two marks, or from twelve to forty cents in our money. After getting seats for the Duchess, Durkee and myself, I returned to the hotel for dinner, at which meal I discovered that all our party save us, were going to the concert. But I hardly think Patti herself could have got me away from that circus. Why, it seemed to me I could smell the Fourth ward at Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio, U. S. A., whenever I looked at the bills.

To the credit of the preacher and Boston lady I want to say that they went to the concert, and enjoyed themselves, but the rest of the party, bless their hypocritical souls, sneaked into the circus one by one, and I am still glorying in the fact that lacking the moral courage to act fairly in the matter, they waited till the show commenced and then had to put up with the worst seats to be had. "Good enough for them," said the Duchess, and as usual the Duchess was right. When I get so good I can't go to a circus openly I shall send for the undertaker and let him take my measure.

On entering the circus I was somewhat surprised to see a number of soldiers on guard. In times of peace Germany has so many soldiers lying around idle, that I suppose the government hires them out to do police duty, and help reduce expenses. One of the soldiers came to me and very politely informed me that I must not smoke in the circus. Surprise number two. The idea of "no smoking" in a German circus. From what I had seen of the good natured people of that country on the trains and elsewhere I had

come to the conclusion that one might smoke any where in the nation, whether at church, at table, in the concert hall or the circus. But he was a pretty big soldier, and under his excessive politeness I could see that his mind dwelt largely upon the idea that he was there to do his duty under all circumstances, so I concluded that I wouldn't smoke until after the show. It was a German cigar, anyway, and those who have bought the native cigars in that country are aware of the fact that in throwing my just lighted weed away I did not lose much.

Speaking of cigars I am put in mind of a purchase of some in Heidelberg the day before. Entering the principal cigar store I asked for some good smokers, and commenced fingering some that were in open boxes on the counter. The proprietor, quickly sizing me up, hastily said: "Excuse me, but those are cheap cigars, for workingmen; I will give you some aristocratic cigars," and he handed me a box from one of the shelves back of the counter. As I had never seen any "aristocratic" cigars before I examined them very closely, and on his recommending them very highly I purchased a case full of the smiling dealer. On paying for them I found that the price of "aristocratic" cigars in Heidelberg, in the year of grace 1891 was a little over two cents each. To this day I am wondering how much the workingmen of the old university city on the Neckar pay for their cigars when they purchase them of the obliging old fellow in the big shop near the railway station.

On entering the circus proper we found our seats commanded a splendid view of the ring, and were vastly more comfortable than the dollar seats in an American show of the kind. We anxiously awaited the beginning of the entertainment. Our impatience was somewhat relieved however, by the playing of an excellent band. Suddenly the notes of a bugle were heard, the orchestra changed the tune instantly,

the curtain between the dressing room and the ring was withdrawn, and the "grand entree" was on.

I have not space to write of the entire performance, but I can honestly say that I never saw a better one. Many of the acts were old, but excellently done, and part of them were entirely new. A man who was evidently a Mexican did one of the best juggling acts I ever witnessed; a couple of Americans who had graduated from the variety stage to the sawdust circle had an act that was half athletic and half comedy that kept us in roars of laugher; there was the usual bareback riding, in one case by a sweet faced little miss about eight years of age, who had a rope attached to her waist, the upper end of which (the rope, not the waist,) was fastened on a wooden arm that swung about the centre-pole, and which held her safely in the air whenever she fell off the horse, which she did several times. A rather thrilling act was that of a lion riding a bareback horse. It seemed to me that the horse deserved the most praise, and was the best trained of the two, for it is certainly no easy matter to get one of the equine tribe to perform contentedly with a full grown lion on its back. A hurdle race in which the lion, horse, and a fine greyhound took part, was decidedly interesting.

The clowns were far above the average in our American circuses, and depended more upon their acting than their talking to win applause. The principal one appeared in full dress. He had evidently been out with the boys during the day, and a part of his local admirers had followed him into the show. As soon as the clown appeared in the ring, one of his admirers aforesaid, as drunk as a lord, greeted him with loud and maudlin cries of "Au goost, Au-goost"—his name evidently being August. This was kept up so continously, and always to the supreme enjoyment of the audience, that the clown, angry and disgusted, left the ring several times, but was ordered back by the ring-master. No

attempt was made to quiet the drunken fellow, and I went to sleep that night laughing over the "Au-goost" of the clown's loyal, but indiscreet friend.

Two of this clown's acts were decidedly neat. After his temporary absence from the ring his voice was heard calling from some point above the ring. The audience and performers looked up, and the clown was seen in one of the windows on the roof of the circus building, which was a temporary wooden affair, making faces at the ring-master.

This worthy at once drew a revolver and fired at the clown. Instantly there was a shriek of anguish, and the poor clown, dress suit and all, was seen to fall from the window into the ring. The clown's fretting at the cries of his drunken friend, his attempts to quit the ring and the arbitrary commands of the ringmaster for his return, had their effect, and the audience was sure a tragedy had taken place. As the body of the clown struck the arena there was a cry of horror from the entire assemblage, and many rose to their feet, but at that instant the clown entered the ring from the dressing tent, and assisted in carrying out the cleverly made imitation of himself. The shock had been so sudden and severe that for a moment there was silence, and then the building was shaken by the applause and laughter.

Again, after the principal rider had bowed himself from the ring at the end of the act, the clown entered into a race with the horse, a very fiery looking steed. The horse gaining upon him the clown leaped over the railing and ran out through the entrance toward the street. Instantly the horse was after him, and in what seemed less than a dozen seconds a cry of pain was heard from the clown and the horse leaped back into the ring carrying the poor fellow by the county seat, and shaking him very much as the cat shakes the mouse, or a rat-terrier does the rodent it has fastened upon. Again there was a cry of horror from the audience, but the entrance of the clown from another direction, bowing and

smiling, and in much better condition than he would have been in had not his dummy again acted for him, quieted matters once more.

The *piece de resistance*, and the closing act of the circus, was strange to say—a ballet. And I want to say right here that I have seen the best ballets ever produced in America since the days of the Black Crook, as well as the famous productions in that line of the Alhambra and the Empire in London, but nothing I have seen on any stage equalled in its excellence of production, the magnificence of its costumes, the beauty of its women, and the interest of the plot this ballet produced in a cheap circus on the banks of the Rhine. The subject, as is frequently the case in Germany, was political. It dealt with the Bulgarian troubles, and the efforts of the different nations to get that country into their keeping. Incidentally a couple of tramps entered the country, and while one of them went down, the other rose until he become a prime favorite at court. This latter was an Irishman, and his endeavors to keep from being discovered by his old friend, when the latter is brought into the court a prisoner, were very comical. The dancing was splendid, but the most attractive feature was the entrance of the various nations to the court of Bulgaria. Each nation was represented by a couple of embassadors, accompanied by a magnificently dressed retinue. The nations that Germany is on good terms with were treated in a dignified fashion, as was the United States, whose embassadors were Uncle Johnathan and the Goddess of Liberty. These personages were elegantly made up, and their suite was royally costumed. Their entrance was the signal for loud cheering.

England was not so well treated, her representatives being a long-whiskered, ridiculously dressed individual, accompanied by his fat and dowdy wife, and their retinue made up of about a score of children of all ages, the whole party being loaded down with bundles and band boxes. This

was a hit at the middle-class English tourist who does Germany on a Cook's ticket, with his eye-glasses, his whiskers, his hat box and his portable bath. Of course France was shown no respect whatever, her representatives consisting principally of pantaloons and mustaches. But after all the nations save Germany had entered the court, there was a moment's hush—the air seemed pregnant with a coming triumph—and it came. Bismarck representing Germany, entered the ring, unaccompanied. There was no need of a retinue; he seemed to fill the whole ring. For what seemed a long time there was no sound; the entire audience was awed into silence as the majestic figure of the ex-premier marched slowly toward the throne. Then in an instant all was changed. The audience "rose to him," cheered, yelled, filled the air with hats, and had the Iron Chancellor been there in his proper person, he could not have had a more royal welcome. And really it seemed to me that it must be the old hero himself. In all my experiences theatric I have never seen such a make-up. The size, costume, face, eyes, walk, the decorations, were all real—never a photograph was truer to its original. It gave me a thrill such as seldom comes to one who knows that he looks upon the false rather than the true, and evidently the entire audience felt the same glow of mingled admiration and awe—feeling as I felt, that in our cheers we were paying homage to the real hero, and not to the mere skill of an ordinary actor. And in truth our homage did belong to that great character in German history that will only become the more bright and mighty as the years show how large a place he filled in the development of the grander phases of Germany's life.

With his entrance upon the scene, following which he reached out and took Bulgaria by the hand, and then with his lion front, drove the other nations from her presence, the circus came to an end, and the Duches, Durkee and myself, all of us strangely silent, came out into the beautiful square,

more than satisfied with the night spent at the circus on the bank of the river Rhine.

And what a night that was. The skies were darkest blue, dotted with myriads of stars, amongst which the moon, almost at the full, rode serenely, "pale empress of the night." Across the river lights were twinkling in the cots among the vines; along the river front they gleamed from the palace steamers that lay waiting the morrow's journey on the historic water; the music of a band was borne on the air from some neighboring cafe on the square, and a company of soldiers tramped by, on their way perhaps, to relieve the guards about the city.

With a cheery good-night, Durkee left us, going to his room to write his daily account of his sight-seeing to the dear old mother in her far-off Iowa home, and the Duchess and I went to bed,—went to a genuine German bed, with one feather bed to lie on, and another to lie on us, in case the night should get chilly. And in ten minutes I was in slumberland and all night long I dreamed that Bismarck, the lion, Au-goost and myself were running races up and down the vine covered hills of the Rhine.

Literary Blunders.

"A cat may look at a King," they say. And so it is permitted to ordinary mortals to take note of the errors of those who are or have been, more than ordinary.

The principal mistakes of writers are anachronistic. While many of these anachronisms are blunders, pure and simple, others have been purposely made for "art's sake." Howells has made such a defense of his anachronism in "Silas Lapham," when he refers to one of his characters as a "Daisy Miller" sort of a girl, although the action of his story is placed at a date earlier than that of Henry James' tale. And Howells has high authority for this. Aristotle has said: "Nothing is called a fault in poetry, but what is against the art; therefore a man may be an admirable poet without being an exact chronologist." And surely such license for "arts' sake" may be allowed the prose writer as well. Shakespeare, too, endorses the idea. His plays are comparatively full of anachronisms, and, though he makes no defense of his blunders, he certainly felt himself privileged in such matters, saying in "Pericles":

> "We commit no crime
> To use one language in each separate clime."

Virgil seems to have been the earliest writer who was guilty of an anachronism. In the "Aenead" he makes Dido and Aeneas contemporaries, whereas Dido left Phoenicia 247 years after the Trojan war, or the age of Aeneas, that is, about 953 B. C. In the second book we find another error, when Aeneas, seeing Helen in the temple of Vesta, is made to say: "Conjugiumque domumque, patres natosque videbit."

But, as Jupiter was the immortal father of Helen, and Leda and Tyndarus were both dead, it would be impossible for her to see her parents.

Perhaps no great writer has so frequently or so glaringly mixed the climes, ages and customs as has the immortal William.

In Coriolanus, Act I., Scene IV. he makes Titus Lartius, when extolling the valor of Coriolanus, say of him:

"A soldier even to Cato's wish." Coriolanus died 200 years before Cato was born.

In Act V., Scene IV., Menenius Agrippa says of the same warrior:

"He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander."

This may have been the fact, but, unfortunately for exactness, Coriolanus died a full century and a half before Alexander came into the world. And then, as if to "pile on the agony," in Act II. Menenius again says:

"The most sovereign prescription of Galen is but empiricutic—"

Confusion worse confounded. A century and a half and two centuries out of the way is bad enough, but what shall we say of six centuries? Coriolanus was banished from Rome and died in the fifth century before the Christian era, about 490 B. C., and Galen was not born until 600 years afterwards: 130 A. D.

In the tragedy of Julius Cæsar we recall:

Brutus.—"Peace! Count the clock."

Cassius.—"The clock has just struck three."

Cæsar was assassinated on the 15th of March, B. C. 44, and the most ancient clock of which we have any certain account was erected in a tower of the palace of Charles V., King of France in 1364, by Henry de Wyck, a German artisan. And so those were long ears possessed by Brutus and his friend.

Lear was King of Britain in the early Anglo-Saxon period of English history, while spectacles were not introduced into

Europe until the end of the 13th century, yet Shakespeare makes Gloucester say, in commanding his son to show him a letter which the latter holds: "Come, let's see; if it be nothing I shall not want spectacles."

"As cannon overcharged with double cracks," says the Bleeding Captain in the first act of Macbeth. Now, as cannon were first used at Crecy in 1346, and Macbeth was killed in 1054, the captain must have been another of Shakespeare's prophets. King John began to reign in 1199, but he, too, speaks of cannon:

> "Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,
> For ere thou canst report I will be there,
> The thunder of my cannon shall be heard."

Shakespeare also refers to turkey in one of his plays, and to potatoes in another, the scenes of the play being enacted in times far antedating the discovery of our Thanksgiving bird and the Irishman's stay.

Of blunders not anachronistic Shakespeare was likewise guilty. The vessel carrying the infant Perdita, for instance, in "A Winter's Tale," was driven by storms upon the coast of Bohemia, yet Bohemia has no coast.

What seems to the writer the most peculiar of all the master's blunders, however, is in that most often quoted line:

> "That bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Hamlet makes use of this expression after his interveiw with his father's ghost, which interview proves that one traveller had returned. "Hallam's Greek" is an expression that always brings a smile to the face of the student. It grew out of a laughable blunder of Henry Hallam, the great scholar, when reviewing, in the Edinburgh "Quarterly Review," Knight's book: "An Inquiry tnto the Principles of Taste," he unmercifully lashed some Greek verses he supposed to have been written by Knight. The truth of the matter was that they were by Pindar, one of the greatest of Greek writers,

and Knight had the laugh on the critic ever after. Akenside, in his "Pleasures of the Imagination," viewed "the Ganges from Alpine heights," but perhaps this was one of his pleasures of the imagination, to so stretch his eyesight from one continent to another.

Gilfillan, in an essay on Longfellow, says: "His ornaments, unlike the Sabine maid, have not crushed him," which, besides being a poorly-constructed sentence, is all at sea. Tarpeia was a Roman maid, the daughter of a Roman officer. She opened the gates of Rome to admit the Sabines, demanding as her price the ornaments worn on the left arms of the soldiers, aiming to get their bracelets. The Sabine general, disgusted with the maid's treachery, commanded his soldiers to give her all that their left arms held. This not only included their bracelets, but their heavy shields as well, and as they threw them upon her as they entered the city, the weight of the shields rather than of the bracelets crushed her to death.

Macaulay, so seldom at fault in expression, yet belongs to the mighty ones occasionally wrong. In his great history, referring to Lord Mordaunt's hair-brained project of a descent upon England, he says: "He had persuaded himself that it would be as easy to surprise three kingdoms as he long afterward found it to surprise Barcelona." Now how could he have made a comparison of which one term was not in his mind until "long afterward?"

Tennyson's

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,"

is a curious blunder. Its meaning, like that of Macaulay in the quotation given above, is perfectly clear, yet it is a bad expression for all that. Fifty years of life in Europe, with its intelligence, refinement and artistic and literary pleasures, would be better than untold years of existence in far Cathay, semi-barbaric, and entirely lacking in the elegancies and niceties that make life worth the living to the refined and

intelligent mind, but, unfortunately, unlike our Western lands, a cycle has definite length of time in China, and means sixty years; so that, read with such an interpretation, the line becomes faulty, while at the same time its meaning is still as clear as crystal.

Baron Nordenskjold says that Greenland is a barren waste, flat and level, yet we will doubtless still continue to sing of "Greenland's icy mountains."

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—VENICE.

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